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AN AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE, MELBOURNE.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

HIS WAYS.

If that compact majority, which Ibsen has harried, encountered George Bernard Shaw in a story—and John Oliver Hobbes might very well have written it—they would put him down as a “fantastic” as shadowy as “The Princess and the Butterfly.” But George Bernard Shaw is very real—so real, in fact, that he went on the first day of June to the Registrar's Office in the prosaic purlieus of Covent Garden and made Miss Payne Townshend his lawful wedded wife. “Such is life,” quoth he; but only in the Bernard Shaw cosmos, for commonsense Cockaigne, to which he has piped these two-and-twenty years, rubs its eyes, because it cannot square “The Quintessence of Ibsenism” (more especially Chapter III.) with Bernard as other than Benedict, or the philosophy of “The Philanderer” with the actuality of the Registrar.

But, then, Mr. Shaw is ever Puck. He is Irish; his audience has been mainly English, and that explains so much. There is a splendid opulence about his attainments that nobody else in this country can touch. Novelist, dramatist, journalist, critic (of art, music, the drama, and literature), political pamphleteer, platform speaker, Celt, Socialist, vegetarian, teetotaler, non-smoker, Jaegerite—there you have George Bernard Shaw, if the description is not too bewildering in its plenitude. Born in Dublin forty-two years ago, he came of a “middle-class family of the mercantile, professional, and servant sort” (his own description); he was “not educated at all academically; left school and began life at fourteen.” When he came to London Town, with his brogue thick upon him, he could obtain no literary recognition, “even to the extent of employment as a journalist.” But he had a great deal in him that had to be expressed somehow, and London at last listened. He began amusing the readers of *Truth*, because he had theories on painting and art; he veered to the *World*, because he had a world of ideas on music, and the pluck to champion Wagnerism; and only the other year he offered his services to the *Saturday Review*, because he had a doctrine of the drama to demonstrate.

But that is only a tithe of his endeavour. “As a brilliant writer, with a power of handling heavy and difficult subjects familiarly and lucidly”—“G. B. S.” himself speaks—he turned to the tangled web of Socialistic theories in 1883, “helped to form the constitutional and practical programme of the Fabian Society, and to drive revolutionary Socialism out of the field in English politics.” He wrote about “The Impossibilities of Anarchism” long ago, and only yesterday he found the possibilities of matrimony in the London School of Economics, in which Miss Payne Townshend is deeply interested. But that was not all. He wrote five novels, and, although at first the publishers declined to venture their capital upon him, his stories found their way into print, and “Cashel Byron's Profession,” which tells how a prize-fighter married a beautiful woman of intellect, still remains distinctly readable. Then came the wave of Ibsenism, and in 1891 he stepped into the ring as its champion with that famous essay of his, which is the liveliest and most Puckish thing in modern philosophic polemics, more calculated to rouse the wrath of Cockaigne and Commonsense than anything that has been heard of for many a day. As the due corollary, he began to write down English life in the terms of the master, and you have the result in “Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant,” which Mr. Grant Richards published the other day in two handsome volumes—for as yet the theatrical managers, like the publishers of another year, are chary about risking their capital on “G. B. S.” Last of all, on the very day that his wedding was announced, he declared that “Mr.” Findlater's turn at the Alhambra was a very sensible move, in view of the fact that a grateful country was not prepared to pay the piper otherwise. That in vague outline is George Bernard Shaw, brother still, but Benedict no longer. And as one who has increased the gaiety of the nation—though none more conscious than he of its underlying seriousness, sorrow, and sordidness—he is to be congratulated on having equipped himself with a helpmate who has so many of his enthusiasms at heart. J. M. B.

HIS PLAYS.

And now for these plays of his. To begin with, he has written a preface to each of the two volumes—brilliant extravaganzas, into which the author has dropped the odds and ends of his ideas without any regard to that “intellectual coherence” which he denies to Shakspeare. His prefaces are full of quaint bits of autobiography, random absurdities which recall the fooling in “The Quintessence of Ibsenism,” and oblivion that what the author has postulated in one play he has denied in another. The slum landlord's daughter in “Widowers' Houses” still tries to strangle the parlour-maid, and Mr. Shaw still assumes that such conduct is the outcome of heredity. But in “Mrs. Warren's Profession,” by far the sanest and strongest piece of writing Mr. Shaw has given us, the daughter of the procuress inherits neither the taint of her mother nor the hypocrisy of her father. So much for “intellectual coherence”! As for the Quintessence of Ibsenism,” anybody who remembers that exercise in topsy-turvy ethics will not be disappointed to find Mr. Shaw gravely asserting that “we only cry now in the effort to bear happiness, while we laugh and exult in destruction, confusion, and ruin.”

But the stimulating qualities of these plays (with the exception of “The Man of Destiny,” which is rubbish) are undeniable. Mr. Shaw is an original humorist who fancies himself a realist. He writes of Bernard Shaw as of one who has plucked the heart out of all mysteries and lives next door to kingdom come. He is a Vestryman, and any right-minded Vestryman can see through milestones, to say nothing of human nature. He despises romance, and most of his time he is as thumping a romancer as Major Geohegan. He rages against popular ideals, and he is the sort of idealist to make a cat laugh. He learns nothing from books, but this does not prevent him from imitating Dickens, Sarah Grand, and Mr. Pinero, revelling in the shadow of Ibsen, and making Mr. Cunninghame Graham suspect that he has studied Maupassant. He has not studied Maupassant; if he had, he might have made Vivie Warren a real woman like Yvette, not a phraseological dummy. Yet Mrs. Warren and Sir George Crofts are real people. Crofts, indeed, is the bold, bad baronet of melodrama translated into such actuality that any added or subtracted touch would spoil his lifelike baseness. It is a portrait that ought to delight Mr. Stead, who must have met some specimens of the real Crofts during his sojourn in the Babylonian “Labyrinth.” “Candida” has wrung several bosoms, including Mr. William Archer's, but it lacks the perfectly natural development of “Mrs.

Warren's Profession.” Some people may believe in the scene where the beautiful matron chooses between her husband and the maundering poet. To me it is as factitious as anything in the romantic drama which Mr. Shaw disdains. “The Philanderer” has cut Mr. Archer to the heart because it openly mocks the divine Ibsen. Sooner or later Mr. Shaw was bound to throw farcical mud at his idol. That is the Celtic temperament at its wildest—so different from the deeply methodical Caledonian spirit! “The Philanderer” is intensely funny, and, if it could be done at the New Century Theatre, I would cheerfully stand the cost of the bust of Ibsen which plays a low-comedy part. The one real personage in this piece is the jealous Julia, a praiseworthy echo of Olive Allingham in Mr. Pinero's “Benefit of the Doubt.” We all know “Arms and the Man,” a delightful farce which Mr. Shaw once believed to be an indictment of war, just as he believes Napoleon (see “The Man of Destiny”) to have become a military genius by learning to point a cannon and studying road-maps. “You Never Can Tell,” in its main characteristics, might have been written by Mr. Pinero in the 'eighties. Here Mr. Shaw reveres the *manes* of Dickens with a comic waiter, and does Sarah Grand the honour of adopting her heavenly twins. This brief summary does no justice to Mr. Shaw's mastery of dialogue and inexhaustible fertility of whimsical fantasy. These plays do not show him to be an epoch-making dramatist—the “pillar of fire” of Mr. Archer's entreaty; but they are rich in the caprices of a subtle and paradoxical intellect. L. F. A.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Private Portrait Study by Frederick H. Evans.

THE CORONATION OF THE GIPSY KING.

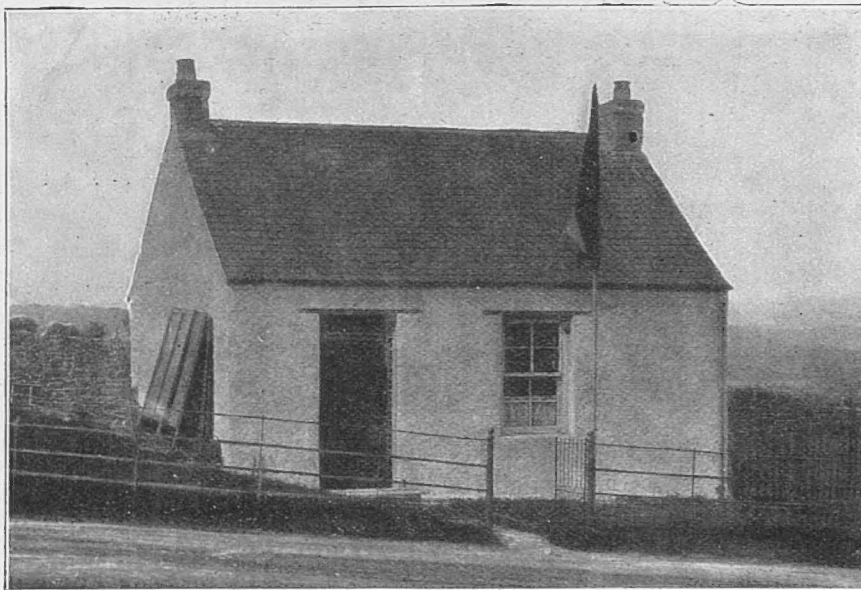
Photographs by G. W. Gibson, Coldstream.

THE KING ON HIS CHARGER.



THE KING AND HIS MINISTERS.

"Wha'll be King but Charlie?" That was the dominant note of Yetholm on Whit-Monday, when Charles Faa Blyth was crowned King of the Border Gipsies. For some years he has kept a lodging-house for tramps, but, in view of his kingship, he has removed into a palace—which is really a tiny cottage. Charles has been loth to wield the sceptre, but Yetholm's Little Minister, the Rev. W. Carriek Miller, the parish parson, overcame his scruples, so the ceremony took place on the village green. After short speeches, a herald read



THE ROYAL PALACE.

Photo by Green, Berwick-on-Tweed.

the proclamation. Prince Charlie then knelt, and the hereditary archbishop, Archibald Gladstone, blacksmith, Yetholm, attired in his working garb and leather apron, read a speech in Romany proclaiming him King, and placed the crown, which was made of brass and imitation jewels, on Charlie's head. Then the King, seated in a small phaeton drawn by six asses, went through the village, attended by a large mounted retinue. Everybody thought it Romantic. On the other hand, a well-known Gipsy authority declares that it was certainly not Romany-ic in the least.



HOW YETHOLM WAS CROWDED TO SEE THE KING CROWNED.

WOMEN AS PLAYWRIGHTS.

The production of Mrs. Craigie's comedy, "The Ambassador," at the St. James's Theatre—an account of it will be found elsewhere in this issue—is probably the most important point that the woman dramatist has reached in London, for Mr. George Alexander's imprimatur undoubtedly carries weight with it. Mrs. Oscar Beringer, on a recent occasion, held forth on the claims of women to write for the stage. But the sex needed no apologist. There is no reason in the world why a woman should not be able to write a play as cleverly as she can produce a novel. True, she has done nothing very wonderful as yet. She can be very popular, it is true, but she has not yet been great; for, when she has been very serious (as "George Fleming" was in "Mrs. Lessingham"), she is apt to be dull; when she is frivolous (as Martha Morton was in "A Bachelor's Romance"), she is somewhat sweetly feeble.

Probably the first play written by a woman was the work of Mrs. Aphra Behn, who anticipated by two centuries the outbreak of Keynoteism. But it is only of recent years that women can be taken seriously (and in sufficient number) to justify our passing a judgment on their dramatic work. Nor is it surprising that American women, or, at least, those with the breath of the Younger World on them, should have made the most progress. To begin with, John Oliver Hobbes himself is a Bostonian who may be said to have become English by reason of long residence with us. Again, Miss Martha Morton, who was married to a New York merchant, Mr. Conheim, last August, is of Hebrew-English parentage, though she was born and bred on the other side. Her first play, "Helene," was produced eight years ago, while her second, "The Merchant," won the five-thousand-dollar prize offered by the *New York World*. Since that time Miss Morton (who is a relative of Mr. Edward Morton, the dramatic critic) has written at least half-a-dozen plays. "The Sleeping Partner" was played at the Criterion last August, and "A Bachelor's Romance" brought luck to Mr. Haré at the Globe, which had already housed Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley's pretty play, "Jedbury Junior." Mrs. Ryley is English

was formerly Governor of California, and Minister to Honduras, made money by "Tom, Dick, and Harry" (seen at the Court and the Strand Theatres), and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett found a fortune in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which she and Mrs. Beringer dramatised between them.

Of English women dramatists, probably Mrs. Musgrave, who wrote "Our Flat," has enjoyed the longest run, while Miss Harriett Jay ("Charles Marlowe") has collaborated with her brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Buchanan, in "The Romance of a Shopwalker," and other plays. Mrs. Beringer, on her own account, made a success with "A Bit of Old Chelsea," which is now running in New York. Lady Violet Greville adapted "An Aristocratic Alliance" for Mr. Wyndham. Lady Colin Campbell supplied the farce "Bud and Blossom" for the unhappy quintuple bill at Terry's. Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written several little pieces, notably "A Honeymoon Tragedy." Mrs. Hugh Bell has been very industrious; she wrote the Ibsen skit "The Jerry-Builder," "Blue and Green," and "The Bicycle," to say nothing of dozens of plays for children. Miss Florence Warden wrote the four-act comedy "Uncle Mike." Miss Clo Graves has given us "A Mother of Three" and (in collaboration with Miss Gertrude Kingston) "A Matchmaker." Probably Miss Graves is the only woman who has had two plays running (as these did) at the same time in London. A very strong play was written by the ladies known as "Michael Field" in "A Question of Memory," produced at the Independent Theatre, which also introduced us to Miss Dorothy Leighton's "Thyrza Fleming." Mrs. Cecil Ramsey has written several curtain-raisers (in collaboration), notably "Gaffer Garge" and the grim "Monsieur de Paris."

Curiously enough, women have not tried opera to any extent. Miss Beatrice Harraden's sister, Ethel, composed "The Taboo," which failed at the Duke of York's Theatre, and Julia Woolf wrote the music for "Carina," which was taken through the provinces some years ago. Among the adapters one must not forget Miss Eweretta Lawrence, who turned Von Moser's "Ultimo" into "On 'Change." Among foreigners I may mention the Danish



JOHN OLIVER HOBBS WROTE "THE AMBASSADOR."

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.



MRS. MARTHA MORTON CONHEIM
WROTE "THE BACHELOR'S ROMANCE."

Photo by Pach, New York.



MRS. RYLEY
WROTE "JEDBURY JUNIOR."

Photo by Falk, New York.



MRS. ROMUALDO PACHECO
WROTE "THE TWO JOHNNIES."

Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.

by birth, though she had lived during the last few years in New York. She knows the stage practically, for she was once a light-opera actress. The Globe seems to favour women, for it is just a year since Miss Estelle Burney's "Settled out of Court" was given at a matinée there. To return to America, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, whose husband

Fru Mallng, author of a brilliant Napoleonic novel, which will shortly appear in English under the title of "The First Consul." I saw the first production of her first play, "Emma," in Copenhagen last September. Almost at the same time Mary B. Affleck Scott's curtain-raiser "The Tarantula" preceded "A Marriage of Convenience" at the Haymarket.

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METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
Vice-Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1898. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

ROYAL HORSE SHOW, RICHMOND, SURREY.**ROYAL HORSE SHOW, RICHMOND, SURREY.****ROYAL HORSE SHOW, RICHMOND, SURREY.**

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 10 AND 11.
ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

STUDY YOUR HEALTH!**STUDY YOUR HEALTH!!****STUDY YOUR HEALTH!!!**

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DAILY SAILINGS, Leaving Old Swan Pier at 8.50 a.m. and 9.20 a.m.

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The Personal Luggage of Passengers will, on application, be COLLECTED, FORWARDED IN ADVANCE, AND DELIVERED at residence or hotel in NORTH WALES, the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Blackpool, Morecambe, and other Tourist Resorts at the

NOMINAL CHARGE OF 6d. PER PACKAGE,

which must be paid when the luggage is collected. No package must exceed 112 lb. in weight.

Tickets dated beforehand to suit the convenience of passengers can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations and at the Receiving Offices, where also orders can be given for Collection of Luggage.

By availing themselves of this arrangement, passengers will be relieved of the trouble and inconvenience of looking after their luggage when travelling. In cases where apartments at destination have not been secured beforehand, the luggage can be addressed, "To be called for," at the Cloak Room of the arrival station. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

NEW WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS from ST. PANCRAS and other LONDON STATIONS.
ISLE OF MAN.

EVERY WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT from June 1, and EVERY THURSDAY, from June 2, from St. Pancras, at 5.15 a.m., each week until September 21 and 22 inclusive, to DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN, for 5, 8, 12, or 15 days.

LAKE DISTRICT, BUXTON, MATLOCK, &c., for 6, 9, 13, or 16 days.
EVERY WEDNESDAY from June 1 until Sept. 21 inclusive, from St. Pancras, at 10.30 a.m., to MORECAMBE, LANCASTER, and the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT; at 12 (noon) each week to MATLOCK and BUXTON, and at 10.5 a.m. each week to LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, LYTHAM, ST. ANN'S, and FLEETWOOD.

TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.
GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

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THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR

affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for
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London Office, 2, Charing Cross. R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.
Kingsbridge, Dublin.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY (IRELAND).

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE between
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TOURIST TICKETS are issued at Dublin, Londonderry, Belfast, and the principal Great Northern Stations to all the most popular holiday resorts.

CIRCULAR TOURS have also been arranged, embracing all places of most interest in the country, and giving a succession of splendid scenery, and the finest fishing in Ireland.

To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides and Programmes, and full information as to the fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Amiens Street Terminus, Dublin.
HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.
Dublin, 1898.

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE, via HARWICH-HOOK of HOLLAND,

daily (Sundays included) service to the Continent, by the G.E.R. Co.'s twin-screw steamers. Cheapest Route to Germany and quickest to Holland.

IMPROVED SERVICE to NORWAY, DENMARK, and SWEDEN.

SCHIEVENING (Holland)—The Dutch Brighton.—Guide-book (free) and full particulars on application to the Manager, Hotel Kurhaus, Schieveningen, Holland.

HARWICH-ANTWERP Route, every week-day for the Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Brussels (for Waterloo), Spa, Switzerland, &c.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s fast passenger steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew," Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," illustrated, price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the Great Eastern Railway Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

ROYAL MAIL AND SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND,

VIA STRANRAER AND LARNE.
Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two sailings each way daily (Sundays excepted).

BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glengarriff, Whitehead (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.

NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY HOTEL, PORTRUSH. Beautifully situated; Magnificent Sea and Coast Views. Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths; Golf Links; Musical Promenades. Terms on application to F. Cox, Hotel Manager, Portrush.

For full information, apply at IRISH RAILWAYS OFFICE, 2, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, or to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

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Casino, Theatre, and Concerts. Racing, Pigeon-Shooting, Regattas, Lawn-Tennis, Cycling, and Bataille des Fleurs. Finest Baths in Europe. Sure cure for Anæmia and Weakness. Hotels and Villas at moderate prices.

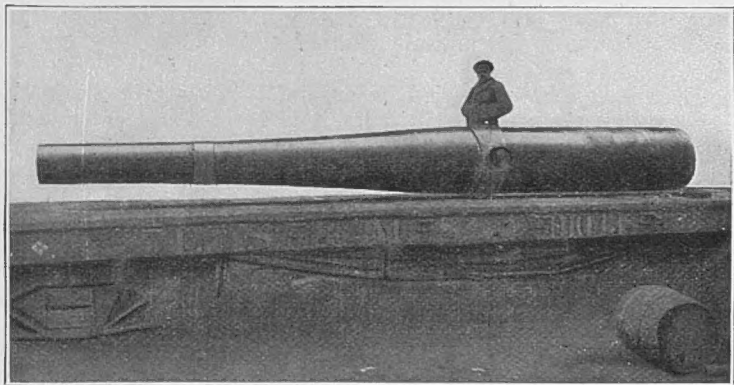
For details, apply to JULES CREHAY, Secretary, Casino, Spa.

SMALL TALK.

The Duke of Norfolk, in the midst of his recent labours at the Abbey, received the pleasant news of the appointment of Sir Nicholas O'Connor to be our Ambassador at Constantinople. St. Petersburg has not a good name among diplomatists, on account of its great distance from London. Sir Nicholas O'Connor married a niece of the Duke of Norfolk, who has followed and promoted his distinguished career with the greatest interest. The Duke, besides being the uncle by marriage of an Ambassador, was also the nephew of one, for his mother's brother, Lord Lyons, represented her Majesty in Paris over a long course of years, and finally died in Norfolk House, St. James's Square. Of his grandfather, Admiral Lord Lyons, the Duke is now sanctioning the publication of such papers as are in his possession.

Lord Rosebery has, perhaps, for his length of years in public life, attended more funerals than any other public man. He, like Lord Salisbury, was present at both Lord Beaconsfield's and Mr. Gladstone's—an interesting association likely to serve as a rare memory not many years hence. The two artists who represented the Royal Academy at the funeral of Lord Beaconsfield were, by the way, Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais; and at the burial of both painters, under the dome of St. Paul's, Lord Rosebery assisted. When Cardinal Newman died, Mr. Gladstone did not think he would "be in place" at the grave of his old friend but old opponent. The day before the funeral a visitor called at the Birmingham Oratory and asked permission to go into the church where the coffin was. That applicant had come from London specially for the purpose, and it was Lord Rosebery.

This steel, single-piece gun has been made at Cleveland, under direction of the Board of Ordnance and Fortification of the United States Army, by Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the famous machine-gun. Dr. Gatling expects this to take the place of the built-up and wire-wound



GUN MADE BY DR. GATLING TO DEFEND AMERICA.
Photo by J. M. Greene, Cleveland, Ohio.

guns. It can be made at one-third the cost of the built-up gun. Dr. Gatling's gun is now being rifled at Washington. It will be tested at Sandy Hook. Congress has appropriated 40,000 dollars to pay for making and testing the gun.

A more disappointing month meteorologically than that which has just departed I have seldom known. I daresay someone or other with a lot of horrid statistics will prove me wrong, but the particular weather, wherever I have been, has during the last thirty-one days been quite unlike what May, at any rate from the poetic view, ought to be.

Flowers are wonderfully popular in the London of to-day, and nothing goes to prove the truth of this trite remark more fully than the West-End flower-gardens; that is, the window-boxes of the fashionable houses at the western end of the town, by which I mean that *real* West-End that lies, say, between St. James's Street and Bond Street on the East and Park Lane and the Belgravian squares upon the West. But comparatively few of the houses in this area have gardens, so the healthy and highly to be commended passion for floriculture is of necessity indulged on balconies and window-sills, to the great contentment of the florist and the general public, and, let us hope, to the householder who pays the piper.

Passing westward along Piccadilly, the first house noticeable for its floral decorations is that next door to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts'. It is now occupied by Mr. Von André, and the "gardens" of the three windows fronting on Piccadilly are always a picture, from one year's end to the other. At present, flame-coloured azaleas, with white spiræa and ferns, make a charming show. At Bath House they possess a real terrace-garden above the blank wall that fronts the road, but this is visible only in part to the riders on the endless stream of omnibuses. Club-houses form the principal portion of the western end of Piccadilly, and of these the Naval and Military, the Badminton, the Junior Athenæum, the Cavalry, and the Piccadilly all can boast of good floral displays. The Duke of Cambridge has no flowers this year, neither has Lord Rothschild, and the gloom of Apsley House, next door, is, as usual, unrelieved by bloom. Turning into Grosvenor Place, we find most of the mansions decorated. Mr. W. F. D. Smith has yellow daisies and hanging

musk, but his next neighbour, Lord Iveagh, like Lord Rothschild, has no flowers. Millionaires are proverbially careful, and well-filled window-boxes expensive! Sir M. Shaw-Stewart has a very gorgeous display, and Lord H. Bentinck a very chaste one, while Sir W. Houldsworth's house can, as it nearly always does, boast of most tasteful decoration.

During the past week I have travelled through many Essex villages, and have had an opportunity of seeing the damage that the floods and storms of the winter have really done. I daresay a good many people scarcely remember the distress or the subsequent Mansion House Fund raised for sufferers; so much has happened since then that we have had small time to think. It is pitiful to see the record of the flood. Many fields are still covered with water to a depth varying from four to six inches; no blade of grass is to be seen, and bare, stunted trees stand up in mute protest, rotting slowly and painfully. Here and there I have seen tiny cottages deserted and partially submerged, and in places the water comes nearly to the railway lines. Towards the evening of a day that had found me in the neighbourhood of Woodham Ferris, I drove past a place where last summer I saw hundreds of rabbits frisking in the fields. Now no trace of the fields is visible; there is just a dreary expanse of rather dirty water, over which I saw two curlews flying.

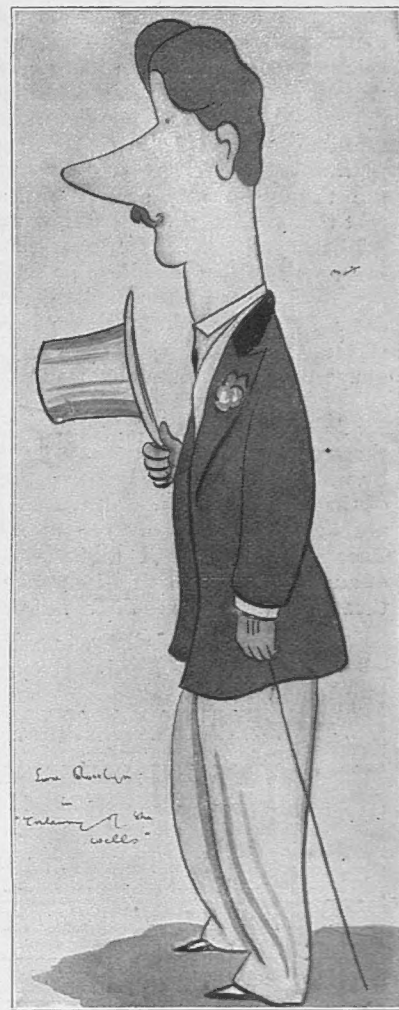
For the peer up-to-date commend me to Lord Rosslyn. He is not yet thirty, but he has had a somewhat large experience of life. On the heels of his appearance as an actor in "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" (in which rôle Mr. Max Beerbohm has caught him here), he has become an editor, for *Scottish Life* proclaims his views on life in general and Lord Rosslyn's in particular. What next?

If Thomas Thetcher had encountered the past May he would not have died, because he could not possibly have got hot. As it was, Thomas died with the May, as you will see from the picture of his grave by Winchester Cathedral.

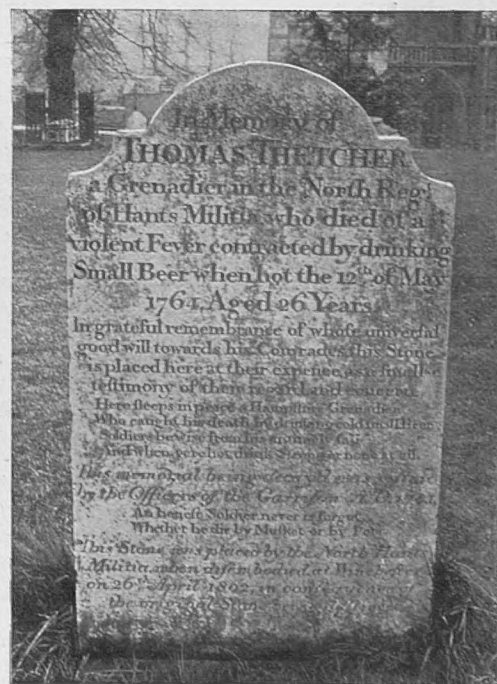
Here sleeps a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death
by drinking cold small Beer.
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot drink
Strong or none at all.

The second verse is decidedly quaint—
An honest Soldier never
is forgot,
Whether he die by
Musket or by Pot.

The Elizabethan Stage Society, with the zealous and indefatigable Dr. William Poel at their head, are about to follow up their revivals of "The Coxcomb" and "The Spanish Gypsy" with that of John Ford's fine tragedy, "The Broken Heart." This will be performed at St. George's Hall on Saturday evening, on a stage modelled on that of the Fortune Playhouse. The character of Calantha in "The Broken Heart" has been warmly extolled by so appreciative a critic as Charles Lamb.



LORD ROSSLYN.
As Drawn by Max Beerbohm.



A WARNING TO TOMMY ATKINS.

A little experience that befell me a day or so ago proves, I think, that some of the theatre managers of London are not very alive to their own interests—that is to say, it demonstrates their general ignorance of the relative value of the various forms of advertisement which are at their disposal. A certain theatre, not very far from my office, had announced a new play, and forwarded me the usual seat to enable me to go and see the first-night performance and express an opinion thereon. I could not go that night, and I sent back the ticket with a request that it might be exchanged for another evening. I heard nothing further for a few days, when I received the abrupt information that every seat in the house was engaged for a fortnight. I am delighted to hear it, and I have not the faintest shadow of resentment against the theatre—I may as well say at once that it was the Gaiety—in that they did not think that my presence was worth consideration. I might argue that *The Sketch* has a larger circulation than some ten other well-known weeklies that might be named all put together, that it devotes more space to things dramatic than any other paper in existence not rigidly professional, that you may see four or five copies in one carriage on the Brighton train any Wednesday afternoon, from which I gauge that it circulates among the people who most frequent theatres.

All these are small matters, because I frankly admit I should illustrate theatres just the same even if they insisted on my paying for the seat by which I was able to criticise the first performance. I am in favour of the entire abolition of deadheads if it can be done. I tell the story not because I feel any resentment against the manager of the Gaiety Theatre, but because I think it is an admirable instance of the lack of any sense of relative importance which is so generally displayed by theatre managers in their relations to the Press—always excepting four or five notable houses.

UGANDA RAILWAY.

TIME AND FARE TABLE

IN FORCE ON AND FROM

2ND APRIL, 1898,

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

NOTE.—THE TIMING IS TAKEN FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. — 1 TO 5 HOURS.

From above date: First, Second and Third Class Passengers and their luggage may be booked by Mixed Trains between any Stations on Section Kilindini to Voi inclusive, on the undermentioned days of the week:—

Kilindini to Voi.									
Train	Class	Time	Fare	Time	Fare	Time	Fare	Time	Fare
1	1st	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
2	2nd	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75
3	3rd	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50
4	1st	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
5	2nd	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75
6	3rd	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50
7	1st	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
8	2nd	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75
9	3rd	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50
10	1st	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
11	2nd	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75	1.00	0.75
12	3rd	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50	1.00	0.50

STATIONERS' OFFICE:—Passenger tickets will be issued on the following conditions:—First Class 10/-, Second Class 7/-, Third Class 5/-, and 4/- for children under 10 years of age. Tickets for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class passengers will be issued on the following conditions:—First Class 10/-, Second Class 7/-, Third Class 5/-, and 4/- for children under 10 years of age. Tickets for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class passengers will be issued on the following conditions:—First Class 10/-, Second Class 7/-, Third Class 5/-, and 4/- for children under 10 years of age.

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Every aspect of African endeavour is interesting; and it seems to me that the most striking illustrations of it appear in what at first seems perfectly obvious. "From the Cape to Cairo by rail"—a magnificent idea, it is true, if you grasp it; but everybody can see what has actually been accomplished when they read such a time-table as the one I reproduce here. That tells its own story. It means that Uganda has started on a great race for life.

It is quite evident, from the

number of people who availed themselves of the opportunity of a trip by the *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor*, on Saturday and Whit-Monday, that these splendid boats are growing in favour with the public, and that the season just opened, should the weather prove kind, will be a successful one for the company, which has done so much to further the comfort and enjoyment of its patrons.

The locks of the doors in the Elysée have long given great offence to all good Republicans admitted to visit the official residence of M. Félix Faure. The locks themselves were good enough, but they were ornamented with embossed bronze eagles, emblematic of the Empire, whereas, as every schoolboy ought to know, the only suitable ornamentation for a lock is the monogram formed by the two letters "R. F." The fiat, therefore, has gone forth that the offending eagles are to be removed forthwith, and replaced by as many pairs of "R. F.'s." It is pointed out by some people that the whole Elysée is typical of the First Empire, and that, to be logical, every article of furniture it contains ought to be cleared out, including all the clocks and the fire-irons. Consistency is a great virtue!

Yet another science has been discovered. It is called "glossomaney," and consists in telling people's characters from the shape of their tongues. I am told that the principles are very simple, and that in a few lessons any reasonably intelligent person can master them. The inventor of the new art is a lady, and she asserts that it will render appreciable services to persons engaged in various pursuits, such as politicians, diplomats, and—pork-butchers! As she does not explain more fully, I am rather at a loss to understand how they are to benefit: but no doubt, if called upon, she will enlighten the world on this highly interesting subject. However, let us pray that glossomaney may not become the rage, as chiromancy and cartomaney did in past years.

The claims of the Great Northern Hospital are to get a hearing in the Queen's Hall on Friday, when a number of our well-known players, working through the alphabet from Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Dolly Baird, Mr. Hayden Coffin, and Miss Letty Lind, and so on, down to Mr. Huntley Wright, will appear. A matinée will be given at three, and the performance will be repeated in the evening at half-past eight, when a pretty minuet will be danced under the direction of Madame Isabel Michau. Tickets, five shillings each, may be had at the box office, or at Chappell's. I don't know whether Schnapsie will be there, but you will gratify him if you go.



SCHNAPSIE.

Sometimes a famous man's trumpeter dies, sometimes he survives his uses and is pensioned off; sometimes the famous man himself departs to join the immortals or becomes too famous to need services, or, sad to say, too poor to pay for them. What does the trumpeter do? The question has often occurred to me when I have received nicely type-written paragraphs announcing circumstances that tend to the glory of some artist of the pen or paint-brush. The following, from the *Times*, sets me right—

Any wealthy aspirant to literary distinction—lady or gentleman—may secure on very moderate terms the Services of the Advertiser, who has placed his present employer in the first rank of world-renowned authors. Verification given. Success guaranteed. Principals only treated with and in strictest confidence. Apply Nemo, V. 938, The *Times* Office, E.C.

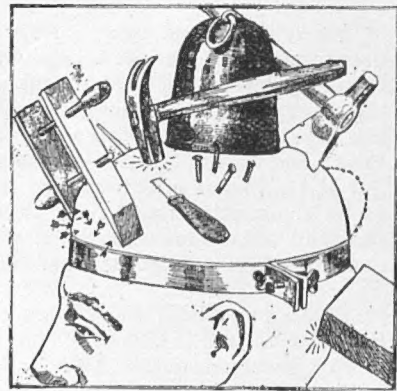
Trumpeters are wise in their generation. Advertiser has evidently completed his task. Some happy man has been hoisted to fame on the point of paragraphs, and now shines among the stars. There are others who also aspire and are rich enough to claim for their aspirations the serious attention of the qualified trumpeter. I now look for the sudden passage to the highest pinnacle of fame of some "wealthy aspirant to literary distinction." I wonder whether "Nemo" has any testimonial from past employers stating that their present exalted condition is due to his untiring efforts?

Though golf has extended its area of popularity in a remarkable degree within the past two decades, it is by no means of so entirely recent an origin as many imagine. Not long since a quaint reference to golf was discovered in the first volume of records of the Kirk-Session of Elgin. It is as follows: "The nyntein day of Januar 1596. Compeirit Walter Hay, goldsmith, accusit for playing at the boulis and golff upoun Sondaye in the tym of the sermon and hes aetit himself fra this furth under the paynes of fyve lib. nocht to commit the lyik outherafoir or eftir none the tym of the preaching." Here are some lines showing how golf is as engrossing to its devotees in the colonies—they express the "experience of a lady in British Columbia whose husband has got the golf mania"—as in the Old Country—

Driver and putter and spoon,
Iron and mashie and cleck—
Even on Sunday when out for a walk
Of no other thing can he speak.

He plays golf, golf, golf, from morning until night,
He dreams of golf, golf, while the stars are shining bright—
Tees and bunkers and whins,
Hillocks and ditches galore,
Till out of the bed he springs with an oath,
And commences to bellow—"Fore."

Those of my readers who suffer headaches will appreciate this picture which Dr. Cyrus Edson has constructed to represent the tortures of migraine. It is designed to "show the tense, binding headache as if from an iron band, darting pains above the eyes, vice-like gripping of the forehead, the rasping, saw-like ache, the hammer-like thumping, the sensation of a tremendous weight on the top of the head, of nails driven into the brain, the splitting ache as from a hatchet, a swelling sensation at the back and the terrible meningeal pain at the base of the brain, as if from repeated blows."



WHAT A HEADACHE FEELS LIKE.
From the "New York World."

Vesuvius has been exciting a great deal of interest lately, and a phenomenon of much scientific importance was observed a short time ago. A portion of the southern crust of the vast crater fell in, closing the mouth completely. The heat from the burning lava below caused the soil to become incandescent, and blue and green flames sprang from the centre to a height of several yards. This continued some time, and, meanwhile, the heat was concentrating itself at the bottom of the crater. At last a great mass of flame burst out, accompanied by a terrific noise like waves breaking on rocks in a storm. The flames rose to a height of fifty yards and were bright yellow in colour.

The officials of the town of Inverness are in difficulty as to where to place to most advantage the statue of Flora Macdonald, of which they have for some time now been the custodians. The statue, with pedestal, stands about seventeen feet high. The subject-motto of the artist's design is "Air Faire" ("On the watch"), and the words exactly describe the presentment of the Skye heroine. Exception has been taken to the lightness of Flora's clothing and drapery and to the bare feet, but it is possible the sculptor had in view the fact that heavy draping in a bronze statue might ruin the figure, and in any case could not be effective. Flora is represented as a comely maiden. In this respect the artist has either been unaware of or had never seen a recently published letter of the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who wrote in 1838: "My mother told me that Mrs. Macdonald, as she always called her, could never have been tolerably handsome. She had good eyes and eyebrows, but high cheek-bones, a snub nose, and a very large mouth, with thick lips. . . . My mother had a mean notion of her mental capacity. Her phrase was, 'I thought her a stupid Highland wife.'"

An exhibition of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould's original cartoons is to be opened at the Continental Gallery, 157, New Bond Street, on Saturday. The collection will consist of about a hundred and twenty drawings, and it will be a pictorial history of the principal political events at home and abroad during the last five years. The Parliamentary cartoons range from the Home Rule Session of 1893 up to the present time, and will include several studies of Mr. Gladstone in characteristic phases. It is needless to say that politics are dealt with from the Liberal point of view, but without partisan malice.

Sir Vincent Penalver Caillard, whose retirement from the Presidency of the Ottoman Loan is announced, is the eldest son of Judge Caillard, recently dead, and is related on his mother's side to the late Earl of Beaconsfield. Born in 1856, he was educated at Eton and at the Royal

Military Academy, Woolwich, where he obtained the Pollock Gold Medal as the most distinguished cadet of his term on passing into the Royal Engineers in 1876. In 1879 he helped to delimit the Montenegrin Frontier, and served on the Arab Tabia Commission in Bulgaria. In 1880 he went on special duty to Janina during the Berlin Conference relating to the Greek Frontier, and was subsequently on special service with Lord Alcester during the Dulcigno Naval Demonstration, and later represented the combined fleets to watch the Turco-Montenegrin Commission for the cession of the Dulcigno District by Turkey to Montenegro. He was attached to the Headquarter Staff during the Egyptian



SIR VINCENT CAILLARD.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Campaign, and the next year was named President of the Ottoman Public Debt Council and Financial Representative of England, Holland, and Belgium in Constantinople. The increase which has taken place in the revenues directly administered by the Council of the Public Debt since they have been under the care of Sir Vincent Caillard is shown by the fact that, while in 1883 they amounted only to £822,033, last year they reached a total of £1,363,175. The revival of the silk industry in Turkey is entirely due to his efforts in introducing what is known as the Pasteur system. Sir Vincent Caillard, whose reports on the Ottoman Public Debt have awakened the interest of the European public more and more, received his knighthood from her Majesty in 1896. Sir Vincent has been a contributor of articles and stories to various magazines, generally under a pseudonym, and he has set to music Blake's "Songs of Innocence."

The Japs are indeed moving. In order to show what they read, they are issuing in Tokio a magazine called the *Hansei Zasshi*, which is edited solely by Japanese and yet written in English. From the issue just to hand I learn (without surprise) that "the writing of the average globe-trotter on the subject of the women of Japan is quite unworthy of serious reading."

They conduct municipal affairs in Jerusalem by methods that are hardly up to date. To all intents and purposes, communities there enjoy a large measure of autonomy. Jews, Mussulmen, and members of the Greek Orthodox Church do pretty much as they like within reasonable limits. A friend who has been making a long stay in the Holy City sends me the account of a trouble that arose from the announcement of a concert to be given at the Jewish Hotel. It would appear from his letter that someone who owed a grudge to the giver of the concert went to the German Rabbi and made statements detrimental to him. Straightway the Rabbi sent two of his delegates to the hotel. These men were armed with trumpets of ram's-horn, upon which they blew a blast before making an announcement that none of the "Chosen People" might be present at the concert. The interdiction created some excitement, and,

though the proceedings were temporarily abandoned, a deputation called upon the Rabbi, explained that all was as it should be, and the concert was ultimately held with a success that was largely owing to the trouble. Perhaps the most curious thing in connection with the incident is the

use of the ram's-horn trumpets. The custom probably dates from Temple times, and seems a very strange survival when used in connection with an up-to-date concert. The Rabbi who gave the order which he afterwards rescinded is over ninety years old, and has enough descendants and relatives to fill a fair-sized village.



REV. ALFRED ROWLAND.

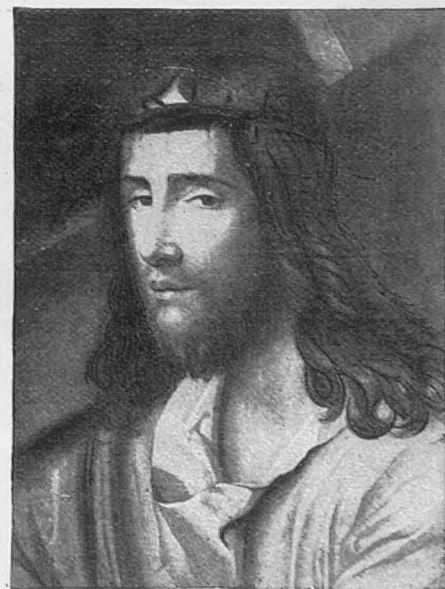
Photo by Edgar Scamell, Crouch Hill.

Kingdom. The congregation comprises, for the most part, the upper middle-class population of this pleasant district, and to them Mr. Rowland speaks with especial acceptance. In reading these sermons of his, one notes not so much eloquence as sound common-sense—that quality which is so uncommon, as a matter of fact. And it was in this manner that Mr. Rowland's presidential address to the Congregational Union, of which he is this year the Chairman, was conceived. He understands, with the sympathy born of knowledge, the stress of modern city life, for in his early years he had the inestimable advantage of personal experience thereof. He never fails to be interesting, whether his theme be "Building in Silence" or "The Rights of Women," and, as a consequence, he draws within the circle of his influence many who disregard the ordinary "parson." In temperament Mr. Rowland is always cheerful, despite the "burdens of life" which he bears himself. It is not surprising, therefore, that his friends are very enthusiastic in their esteem. He is the son of a minister, and one of his sons is also a minister. Many well-known public men have come within the range of Mr. Rowland's ministrations.

The Album of the Princess of Wales, in which she has sketches, autographs, and manuscript verses, ought to make a singularly interesting souvenir, for after times, of the artists, statesmen, and authors of our generation. The latest addition to its contents has been a pen-and-ink drawing made by Lady Butler of a soldier—drawn from the Princess of Wales's own regiment.

There have been many hundreds of editions of Thomas à Kempis—not less than forty in the English language—but I know of none more attractive than that which Lawrence and Bullen have published. It is printed on vellum, and has numerous beautiful photographic illustrations, one of which I reproduce. Everyone should have a copy of the "Imitation of Christ," whether they share George Eliot's enthusiasm for the book as a genuine guide and a religious inspiration, or whether they rather incline to resent it, as did Eugène Sue and Thackeray. They cannot, in any case, have a nicer copy than this.

The visitor to this year's Salon, after he has admired, may ponder with profit the meaning of the innumerable yards of canvas devoted to picturing Christ. He will perhaps conclude that this multiple effort shows not an interest, but a lack of interest in the subject. It is certain that a large number of these pictures are meant to draw attention by a moral to that which is feeble as æsthetic. What else to say of lugubrious landscapes where an effect of electric light is shaped into a spectre of Christ: of these "crucifixions" that are studies of the



THE MAN OF SORROWS.

From Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's Edition of "The Imitation of Christ."

cadaver in unpleasant stages, forced upon the spectator's respect by accessory details; of these curly-headed Christs discoursing to nude Apollos arranged about upon the grass in poses borrowed from Greek sculpture? What else is this Christ in a godet cape, with a nimbus for a hat, joining a party at afternoon tea; or this other one converting a Mary Magdalene, who is dressed in an evening-gown from Worth, amiable pendant to a picture in last year's Salon that showed a nude Christ falling on the neck of a nude Magdalene?

"The Disciples of Emmaus" of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, one of the most ambitious pictures of the year, serves by the very merit of its effort to prove that the attempt to treat this subject, made glorious in the Middle Ages, is to-day a fatal mistake. M. Bouveret's picture is shocking because it exhibits the sincere and desperate struggle of a modern mind to enter into a condition of thought no longer natural to it. Such effort can produce only affectations.

It is not that we care less for the subject than we did; it is that we speak no longer in symbols. Symbols are the expression of a world younger than ours; we have outlived them. What we ask for to-day is direct speech, to have the lessons of the great Teacher interpreted in the deeds of men. This is the explanation of these failures, and of the distaste for this work. One does not produce masterpieces in a dead language, even when that language is sublime.

The fine lines which separate the reason of man from that which in animals we call instinct are often undiscoverable, and among the most numerous and striking illustrations of the fact are the changes wrought in the habits of birds to meet exceptional and unforeseen requirements. About a fortnight since, when out on a sketching excursion in Shakspeare's country, and about four miles from his native town, I found myself in Alscot Park, Preston-on-Stour, enjoying a quiet chat with Hibbard, the genial gamekeeper of its owner, Mr. West, and also muchly enjoying the delightful scenery of that most picturesque locality, the deer, the fine old timber, and the river running through it. On that

occasion I was told that on the previous day, anxious for the safety of the moor-hens, heavy rain having greatly increased the volume of water, Mrs. West told the butler to open the flood-gates, which he did,



A DOTTING MOTHER.

imprudently, without consulting Mr. Hibbard. For just outside the park a pair of swans had their nest of eggs, on which the hen was sitting. Mr. Hibbard hurriedly closed the gates, and then as quickly sought the swans, to find that the nest had been raised upon a little hillock of grass, pulled up for that purpose by the male bird. I went down to see it, and, directly the keeper appeared, up rose the hen, as if to show us that her newly born brood was perfectly safe. We laughed heartily at the evident pride and satisfaction of the birds.

On May 24, in the afternoon, a vocal recital was given by two singers—Miss Marie Busch and Mr. Owen Evan-Thomas—in the Queen's (Small) Hall, which was very well filled. Miss Busch has a fine soprano, not of great power perhaps, but clear and true, and well cultivated. She sang about a dozen songs, including several of Schubert's, in which she was most successful. Mr. Evan-Thomas has a bass voice of considerable power. He gave a number of songs, including the "Two Grenadiers" and "The Diver." The latter was perhaps the most effectively rendered. Mr. Paul Ludwig varied the programme by some exquisite violoncello solos.



King Lear.

THESE GIRLS ARE PERFORMING "KING LEAR."

Photo by Russell, Wimbledon.

Members of the Wimbledon centre of the Church of England Temperance Society are a musical and dramatic as well as a water-drinking people. On May 16 they held a social evening, when an excellent musical programme was happily relieved by the performance of a selection from "King Lear." The portion chosen was the first scene of the first act, and, as something rich and strange, the difficult part of the afflicted King was sustained—admirably sustained too—by a young lady, Miss Gertrude Howden. Miss Howden as Lear and Miss Winifred Summerhays as Cordelia won general applause, and the rest of the company supported them most commendably. The players and musical performers were all pupils of the Wimbledon High School for Girls, under the direction of the second mistress, Miss Theresa Mundella. Miss Howden and Miss Hilda Summerhays also contributed brilliantly to the musical programme.

The introduction of the automobile into France is likely to set other people besides cabmen by the ears. "Ought the word automobile to be masculine or feminine?" Such is the question that is agitating the nightly slumbers of French grammarians. Some of the Academicians who have been consulted opine for feminine, whereas the popular idea is that the word is masculine, and it is the popular idea which always prevails in these cases. Here such discussion would, of course, be only platonic, but on the other side of the Channel a whole sentence may be revolutionised by the wrong gender being taken. It was Lord Brougham, I fancy, who said that he could speak French very well, but could never remember those terrible genders. As a matter of fact, he is said to have been so exasperated by them that he used a qualifying adjective far stronger than "terrible," a word that the Captain of H.M.S. *Pinafore* once allowed to escape his lips in an unguarded moment.

One of the most interesting art exhibitions that New York has ever seen—and when I say New York, I naturally mean the United States, for it is here that all the most important exhibitions are held—is that of the National Sculpture Society, which was open from the 1st to the 21st of May, at the American Fine Art Society in 57th Street. This was the third exhibition of this society, and, as it is a progressive organisation, it was the best that has been seen. While there are some world-famous sculptors in America—notably, Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens—until the society was organised they had no means of properly exhibiting their work. This was only to be seen at the exhibitions of painting, and there the paintings were the thing, and the sculptures had to take any odd bit of space that wasn't wanted for pictures. Finally, in 1895, the National Sculpture Society was organised, and its members are men and women interested in sculpture, as well as those who are sculptors by profession. It is not only national, but international, for the work of foreign artists is always to be seen at its exhibitions. The principal purpose of this society is, not only to give the sculptors an opportunity of exhibiting their work, but to hold the guiding hand on the helm of national and municipal art. To this society it may be said that the country is indebted for the fine sculpture that decorates the Library of Congress and which will decorate the Public Library and the Appellate Court of New York.

A striking feature of the recent exhibition is the decoration of the rooms. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this city. It is the work of Messrs. Charles Rollison Lamb, Nathan F. Barrett, and William C. Hall. They have carried out a classical design, and, if it were not for the modern dress of the visitors, one might suppose he was wandering in the streets of ancient Italy or Greece. In some of the photographs taken of the rooms, female models, dressed in classical costumes, were posed so as to carry out the idea of reality. Among the striking pieces of sculpture exhibited was "The Young Mother," a plaster cast by Miss Bessie Potter,



DECORATION BY C. R. LAMB, A LIVING MODEL IN FOREGROUND.
Exhibited by the National Sculpture Society in New York.

a young lady who has made a reputation for her statuettes after the manner of Mr. Dana Gibson's drawings; "Poetry," by J. Q. A. Ward, the colossal original of which is in the dome of the Library of Congress; and a plaster cast of Miss Julia Marlowe (tinted), by

Herbert Adams. A bronze andiron made by Mr. Carl Bitter for the country home of Mr. George Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, also attracted much attention.

Snow in India—that seems to be rather a comical idea to some people, but, of course, it is not uncommon. Here is a picture from Kashmir sent to me by Mr. A. M. Law, of the North-West Provinces



CROSSING THE MURBUL PASS, KASHMIR, 13,000 FEET HIGH.
Photo by Mr. A. M. Law.

and Oudh Police. Many people have visited and attempted to cross over the Murbul Pass, but have failed owing to the amount of snow always present. Some gentlemen have crossed the pass, but the ladies in the photograph were the first to go over, and I doubt whether since any ladies have crossed.

Mr. Gladstone was powerful enough to hasten the overthrow of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies with a pamphlet. Is Ouida able to stay the devastating hands of Italian municipalities with a few articles in the reviews? She makes a vigorous onslaught on the Milanese authorities, who have closed La Scala for the sake of democratic principle. Their souls are offended by a theatre where wealth can buy a box, while poverty has to sit in the gallery. So the most famous opera-house in Europe has closed its doors. This application of advanced economics to music is distinctly quaint. Probably the Milanese Socialists will carry it further by fixing a common salary for all operatic artists. This would effectually discourage the training of rare voices, if any such law were practicable; indeed, at this rate, melody would become unprofitable except for the Italian organ-grinder, and song would be extinguished, to the great satisfaction of certain moralists.

Pity the poor war correspondent! From his point of view there never was such an exasperating business as this war between Spain and America. The Greco-Turkish War was sufficiently unreal. It meant a vast amount of trouble and discomfort to the correspondents, and very scanty material for thrilling "copy." But the war in and around Cuba is a thousand times worse. I do not wonder that, in sheer despair, men like Mr. Knight and Mr. Phil Robinson have landed in Cuba to be arrested by the Spaniards. That, at all events, is an incident. It enables one of the belligerents to do something. I wonder whether Mr. Knight will make the Spaniards understand the difference between a war correspondent and a spy, and prove to them that it is all one to him whether he describes the American operations against them or their operations against the Americans. Such severe impartiality may strike them as inhuman. But if Mr. Phil Robinson can only get hold of a Spanish bird-fancier, he will be quite safe. If Marshal Blanco takes an interest in rooks, Mr. Robinson will tell him such fascinating rook-stories that he will send them home to his Government in lieu of despatches reporting the total extinction of the American invaders.

That excellent little magazine, the *Quartier Latin*, is now published, I notice, by Messrs. J. M. Dent. The May number contained a very clever series of sketches which Mr. A. S. Forrest made of Mr. Gladstone at Bournemouth in March.

In the farce at the Garrick there has been "Too Much Johnson"; the drama partly played at the Theatre Royal Law Courts might certainly have been called appropriately "Too Little Johnson," for the gentleman about whose disappearance the plot is woven has not been in evidence, either dead or alive, since the boat accident in which he played a leading part. Mr. Johnson insured his life against fatal accident for the heavy sum of £10,000, and within a short time of that transaction he was upset in a pleasure-boat off the Isle of Man, and his representatives declare he was drowned, while the contention of the insurance company, his body not having been found, is that he has possibly escaped a watery grave. The law, I believe, requires a *corpus delicti* to prove a death, except in very unusual circumstances, and the insurance company cannot be blamed for the attitude they have taken up, especially when cases in which insurance companies have been victimised can be recalled.

A good many years since I remember a curious instance of insurance company swindling. A gentleman went to stay with his wife at a watering-place; I think, in North Wales. He went out for an early-morning dip, and was seen no more, but his clothes, all neatly folded, his hat, and various personal belongings were found, and, though the body was never discovered, the weight of evidence was in favour of his having been drowned, and, if I remember rightly, a heavy sum was paid to the sorrowing widow. It afterwards transpired that the man had concealed a valise with clothes at some distance from his bathing-place, that he swam ashore, dressed, and left England, his wife joining him when the money had been paid. A still more ingenious device is recalled by Charles Reade—an insatiable collector of "cases" of every kind—in "Put Yourself in His Place." Here the swindlers not only insure the life of a friend who meets with a boating accident, but actually "plant" a corpse, with the necessary marks for identification, in the river, where weeks afterwards it is duly found, and the money paid over without dispute.

Among the immense audience that welcomed Mr. Albert Chevalier back to London the other night at the St. James's Hall, I saw Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. J. L. Toole, with his trusty comrade, Mr. John Billington. All three went round behind to congratulate the "coster comedian" on his return in better form than ever.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. have started their career as publishers with two or three pretty books, one of which before me is a very dainty edition of Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel." I do not agree with a notice that I saw in the *Academy* to the effect that the edition is redundant. It is really beautifully illustrated with decorative designs by W. D. Macdougall, one of which I reproduce here in little. The book is a veritable art treasure, although personally I would have preferred that almost anyone should have written the introduction other than Mr. W. M. Rossetti. He really writes too much about his family, and is becoming quite



A PAGE FROM "THE BLESSED DAMOSEL."
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Duckworth.

tiresome in that connection. The fact that Messrs. Duckworth have published "The Blessed Damosel" reminds one that Rossetti's poems are falling out of copyright.

This portrait of Mary Tudor, Queen of England, is especially interesting, as being one of the few instances of a contemporary portrait on glass. It differs in a few details from Sir Antonio More's portrait on canvas now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. The history of the present glass-work, which is obviously Flemish, is altogether vague. Antiquarians who have examined it suggest that it may have been executed by order of Philip, and intended by him as a present to the Queen. As to the date of the glass itself there is little doubt, but there is no clue as to where it was preserved for three centuries, until about forty years ago it was brought to this country. For a long time its value, artistic and historical, remained unrecognised, and it was only quite recently that it was submitted to competent authorities, who have given their opinion in favour of its antiquity and genuineness. The pale blue of the cushion in the window-sill belongs almost exclusively to the period to which the picture is assigned, while the dark oak panelling and the green and amber pavement of the room are tinted and graduated according to the best traditions of Flemish sixteenth-century art.



MARY TUDOR, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

We have heard a great deal lately about manners for men and manners for women, and I was pleased to find an old book that gave me an account of manners that prevailed in the early Victorian era. Accident brought the little work of art in my way, and I was at once struck by a picture of an alleged gentleman who wore long whiskers and an expression that recalled a theatrical costumier's dummy. It was with more than common interest that I looked to see how this gay being was to conduct himself, and certain it is that times have changed. Original sin would account for much, if not for all, of the tendencies against which he was admonished, and many of the restrictions would have been considered uncalled for in these latter days. It is, however, well to be prepared for the worst. A French book on etiquette, that enjoys to this day a considerable popularity, warns its pupils, when eating fish or fruit-puddings, not to throw the bones or the stones under the table, "as the English people do."

A friend from a far-off country, who has been making a short stay in England, has spoken to me in terms of indignation of the practices prevalent at Stratford-on-Avon. Like most visitors to this island, he went to see the place that is hallowed by memories of Shakspeare, and it was with deep annoyance that he found every place of interest guarded by people who demanded fees. He says, and not without some show of justice, that to charge every visitor a fixed moderate sum for the preservation or maintenance of some tribute to our great poet's memory would be reasonable enough, while to charge sundry sixpences for repairs that are more or less imaginary reduces the whole place to the level of a side-show at some house of entertainment. A very fine memorial or a charitable institution might be supported by the ungrudging tribute of the faithful, if only the tribute were levied in a proper manner.

Another honour is to be paid the gallant Gordons, for the Prince of Wales is to preside at the Annual Dinner at the Hotel Métropole on the 20th inst. The Prince has been Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion, the old Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders Militia, since 1872. It is said that he will become the Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordons at an early date. The Prince is already Colonel of some dozen regiments.

Short service in the Russian Army is evidently not always insisted on—at least, in the case of officers, for the Muscovite War Office is offering special advantages to military officers who will accept service at Port Arthur. They must, however, volunteer for twenty-five years' service in "Russian China"! Events are certainly proceeding apace in the "leased" territory.

Another recruiting march is contemplated, for it is proposed that the 1st Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers shall march through the Border counties at the end of the manœuvres, in September. Starting from Berwick-on-Tweed (the Dépôt), the battalion will march to Dumfries, the headquarters of its splendid 3rd Battalion, one of the best Militia corps in the kingdom, and then, it is understood, the Borderers will embark for Ireland.

I hope it is true that Piper Findlater, V.C., is to be provided with a berth in the Queen's household. It was a grave satire on the Army that a man who only the other day was decorated by the Queen's own hand with the highest distinction a British soldier can receive should have been forced to earn his living by parading the Victoria Cross for a livelihood on the music-hall stage. Many a discharged soldier has to go "supering" in a theatre for a bare subsistence; but when it comes to a V.C. man making an exhibition of himself, the irony is a little too pointed for the War Office, though that department is far from sensitive. The Government are pledged to a reform which will provide employment for a certain number of old soldiers. The pledge has been given none too soon, and the case of Piper Findlater is a dramatic illustration of its necessity. Certainly it is more fitting that he should pipe before the Queen than before the patrons of the Alhambra.

Further proof of the estimation in which Lord Wolseley is held in the northern portion of the United Kingdom will be evidenced next week, when the Commander-in-Chief will receive the freedom respectively of Dumfries and Edinburgh. Concerning the former burgh, the opinion prevails in military circles that the dépôt of the King's Own Scottish Borderers is to be removed from Berwick to Dumfries, where Lord Wolseley will open a Volunteer bazaar, and will probably visit the Burns Mausoleum. In the Scottish capital—as on a similar occasion in Glasgow last September—the Commander-in-Chief will address himself to some of the questions pertaining to his office, and may refer to the home-coming from India and establishment in Edinburgh very soon of the Gordon Highlanders.

The Navy is encouraging boat-pulling among its boys, and a trophy has been purchased by the *Impregnable*, *Boscawen*, *Black Prince*, *Ganges*, *Caledonia*, *St. Vincent*, *Lion*, and *Minotaur*. It is surmounted by an exquisitely modelled figure of Britannia, and bears upon it a view in relief of a training-ship and boys rowing. It was specially designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.



TO ENCOURAGE BOYS IN
THE NAVY.

I accord a welcome to Whitaker's "Naval and Military Directory," which has just appeared for the first time. It is the twin of the admirable Almanack and the Directory of Titled Persons. It is very clear, well printed, and deserves to succeed.

Mr. Consterdine, the inventor of the *Nydia*, which I illustrated the other day, points out that no elaborate performance is needed to start the yacht, as he takes my paragraph to imply. The helm is put down to make her change tacks, not to make her start.

Up to what age may a man in this country claim to be included in the ranks of "young people"? Those who are still in their teens are, of course, not likely to make any claim of the sort, their only ambition being to be considered old, but for the rest it is somewhat different. In France, apparently, the limit of childhood is now fixed at what was once looked upon as the mature age of forty. A very large proportion of the new Chamber of Deputies, which meets to-day for the first time, are described as *jeunes gens*—that is to say, *gens* who have not seen eight lustres. The youngest member is M. Zevaës, who has been elected by the Department of the Isère, and, strictly speaking, he is ineligible, since he was a legal infant on the day of the election, having only attained his twenty-fifth birthday two days later. The oldest member is M. Charles Boysset, to whom falls the privilege of provisionally presiding over the Chamber. M. Boysset is eighty-one. The provisional President is assisted by the six youngest of the *jeunes gens*, who act as his secretaries.

One of these is M. Robert Sureouf, member for the Department of Ile-et-Vilaine, whose great-uncle was the notorious corsair of the same name so abhorred and dreaded by the big East Indians towards the beginning of this century. The first vessel that fell a prey to Sureouf's audacity was the *Triton*, manned by a crew of a hundred and fifty men and armed with twelve guns. She was captured by treachery, the pirate having approached her flying the English colours. Four years later, the *Kent*, commanded by Captain Rivington, with a crew of four hundred men and a great number of passengers, was boarded by Sureouf in the Bay of Bengal, at the head of a hundred drunken, yelling demons. The pirates gave no quarter, and at the end of an hour's carnage the *Kent* was theirs. Sureouf had promised his men that, if successful, he would accord them an hour in which they might pillage everything but the cargo, and he was the first to remind them of his promise. The passengers, among whom were many women and children, had barricaded themselves in their cabins, but no doors or locks could withstand the fury of the ruffians maddened with alcohol and blood, and the scenes that were enacted in the 'tween decks of the *Kent* were too horrible for description. The newly elected member for Ile-et-Vilaine issued the memoirs of his grand-uncle as a sort of electoral appeal!

Messrs. Doulton and Co., of the well-known Lambeth Pottery, have for more than a century kept us in touch with the historical figures of our annals. I have recollections of a marvellous Nelson mug, which must have dated from somewhere about Trafalgar. They are not behindhand in reference to the death of Mr. Gladstone, for they have produced a most interesting and artistic mug, bearing round it the words "England's Great Commoner—William Ewart Gladstone," and, surmounting an excellent portrait, the scroll, "Effort—honest, manful, humble effort—succeeds by its reflective action upon character, better than success."



IN MEMORY OF MR. GLADSTONE.

I very much regret that an illustration in our Gladstone supplement, entitled "A Family Party," was attributed to the wrong photographer. My acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Valentine and Sons, of Dundee, for the group.

I am afraid that the ladies have taken the recent articles on "The Failures of Women in Art" very seriously. I cannot imagine how the talented author of the criticisms can meet any advanced thinker of the opposite sex without flinching. The ladies who have set out to shine in various departments of Art are in very many cases readers of *The Sketch*, and down to the present, art, musical, and medical students have expressed themselves in terms of righteous indignation. It was recently suggested to me by some lady student friends that there should be a punishment to fit the crime. After many suggestions, an opinion was found that suited the general taste. The culprit was to be taken into a room with pianos along two sides. On one side amateurs should play simultaneous selections from various Wagner operas; on the other, more amateurs should treat Verdi's works in similar style. Across the far end of the room should be unfolded an endless panorama of rejected Academy pictures. All food supplied to the prisoner should be prepared by the latest arrivals at a cookery class, and when, under pressure of combined inflictions, the traducer of women artists broke down, in his weakened state he should be handed over to a committee of lady-doctors—for such disposal as the fair practitioners in their wisdom, justice, or mercy should think fit.

The art of hammered copper is reviving. Take this sample by Mr. James Smithies, of Wilmslow, near Manchester, who has fastened the arms of Belfast on a copper panel four feet square. The nice old custom of having family arms in modelled plaster over the fireplace gives a scheme which is well suited to a more durable and richer material, like copper, with its infinite variety of tones.

In spite of "le five o'clock" having become part and parcel of the daily routine of French fashionable life, tea still remains for the great mass of our neighbours something midway between a medicine and a poison. Nothing will persuade the ordinary bourgeoisie that the leaves that cost so much are only fit to be thrown away after they have once come into contact with boiling water. Tea is a hot, yellow liquid, she argues, and as long as the leaves will by long steeping yield any sort of decoction she absolutely refuses to throw them away. Little wonder if, under the circumstances, the lower classes have not the slightest idea of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." "If people will not drink tea," said an ingenious Parisian dealer in the article recently, "perhaps they will smoke it." He has consequently made it up in the shape of orthodox-looking cigarettes, packed in dainty little gilt-lettered pink boxes, just as if they were the best Egyptian or Turkish, and placed them prominently in his window. Up to the present, he confesses, he has not had very much success, and he is beginning to despair of the common sense of his countrymen.



THE ARMS OF BELFAST WORKED IN COPPER
BY JAMES SMITHIES.

Here is a curiosity—two Imperial Pekin Pugs. They are the only two in this country; for they very rarely leave China, where they are bred exclusively in the Emperor's kennels.

Now that Mr. Pinero has turned librettist, I am astonished to find that nobody has suggested our future operatic composer and librettist in Mr. Louis Parker. Though few playgoers know it, Mr. Parker has



PEKIN PUGS.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

already had some experience in this work, for he composed a dramatic cantata, "Young Tamlane" (in 1890), and "Belle Margaret" (in 1891) for Messrs. Bayley and Ferguson, the well-known music-publishers of Glasgow. For Mr. Parker began his career as a musician, and he is an Associate of the Royal Academy. We know what he has since done as a dramatist. Why should he not now write his own libretto and his own music thereto, Wagner fashion? I do not think any other man of the same position in this country could do the two things. Let Mr. Carte not forget Mr. Parker in the future.

Few people visit the Museum of the Conservatoire in Paris, and yet there are many treasures there that are well worth seeing. Among them is a beautiful little tortoiseshell violin that belonged to Lully, another of Viotti's made of ivory and inlaid with gold, the work of De Mirecourt. There is a large collection of pianos which belonged to celebrities such as Ambroise Thomas, Herold, Auber, and Cherubini. Meyerbeer's piano, with an inscription on it to say that it was on that instrument that he composed "Les Huguenots," and Boïeldieu's, on which he composed "La Dame Blanche," are among the chief treasures of the Museum. There is a little organ which belonged to Marie Louise, and the score of ballets and songs by Racine set to music by Moreau. Marie Antoinette's harp is there, and that of Madame de Lamballe. Marie Antoinette loved to hear the harp played, and in her accounts the following item is mentioned: "Given to the Sieur Himer, player of the harp to her Majesty, the sum of 800 livres to go to Italy and perfect himself in his art." The most precious object in the Museum, however, is a part of the score of Mozart's "Don Juan."

The profit-bearing properties of suburban theatres do not seem to be on the wane. I do not think that the new Grand at Croydon, over which George Edwardes has enjoyed lessee's rights since before Christmas, has turned out a gold-mine; in fact, I think that Mr. Edwardes is giving up his connection with it. This is an exceptional case. I have heard, during the past week, of four houses, nearly, if not quite, within the four-mile radius, that are making fortunes for the owner, at a rate seldom rivalled by the big London theatres. In one case, the owner of a very fine house, recently built, has been offered, and has refused, a profit of £30,000. Just lately, the recognised London houses have hardly suffered from suburban competition. "House Full" has for the time been the true legend, and has not been turned on while the acts are in progress and switched off

between them out of regard to the feelings of the section of the audience that like the truth. A lady told me, a few days since, that on the previous Thursday she had tried to get seats at six theatres, and had been unable to get three together in any one of them. For once, managers would appear to have nothing to grumble at. They were not so well off this time last year.

Mrs. Kendal must be struck by the fact that her fulminations against the Press, as reported in the Cambridge *Cantab*, have excited little attention. A faint ripple of amusement has run through a few newspapers. When a distinguished actress says that every editor can be bought, and boasts that she never shakes hands with a journalist, the public is quite unmoved and the journalists are not in the least abashed. Wherever Mrs. Kendal may be acting, the editors send their dramatic critics, as if nothing had happened, and the critics continue to praise her, though she has loaded them with infamy. Is this magnanimity or cunning? The most striking point in the *Cantab* interview is Mrs. Kendal's remark that she has brought her husband to share her ill opinion of the conductors of newspapers. No doubt he held out for years, while his wife plied him with indignant rhetoric, stimulated by that faculty of reasoning from the particular to the general for which vehement ladies are so justly renowned. Mr. Kendal was inspired by a lofty faith in the virtues of his fellow-man, and he could not believe that even editors were full of iniquity. But at last he was persuaded, and Mrs. Kendal boasts of his conversion as one might boast of having converted the Sultan to Christianity or General Booth to Papal Infallibility. I wonder whether Mr. Kendal yielded to Mrs. Kendal's reasons or to a not unnatural desire for a quiet life!

In pleasing recognition of his recent charitable "Christmas Carol" tour in the United States, the Boston society known as the "All Around Dickens Club" have just elected Sir Squire Bancroft an honorary member.

A new stage version of "Vanity Fair," to be called "Becky Sharp," has been made for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, who will sustain the title-rôle. The author is a playwright not unknown in London, Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, son of Dr. Weir Mitchell.

As a specimen of the work of M. Boyer, referred to last week, I give this lifelike photograph of Mdlle. Diéterle.



MDLLE. DIÉTERLE.

Photo by Paul Boyer.

Some splendid animals were exhibited at the Bath and West of England Show at Cardiff in the last week in May.

A friend of mine, at one time well known in literary circles, but lately obliged to travel in South Africa for the benefit of his health, writes to me from Ladysmith, Natal. He complains that, in spite of all we read and hear in England about the "go-ahead" condition of the Cape, South Africa is in reality "a very one-horse place." First-rate theatrical companies comparatively seldom visit even the towns of importance, he says; the countries all seem young and struggling,

1789. Its first master, long since dead, had taught it to cry "Vive Lafayette," words that the poor bird never forgot, and which it still repeated a hundred years later, though featherless and almost blind. It is a wonder that such a bird escaped the guillotine, for one poor parrot in a shop in the Rue Saint Honoré was heard sadly to sing a line from the operatic air, "O, Richard, ô mon roi!" and had its head promptly pulled off during the Reign of Terror.

Just now the gardens and woods are full of birds—larks, sparrows, thrushes, and chaffinches. The last-named bird is common in England,



MR. C. W. BRIERLEY'S SHORTHORN COW, QUEEN OF HEARTS.



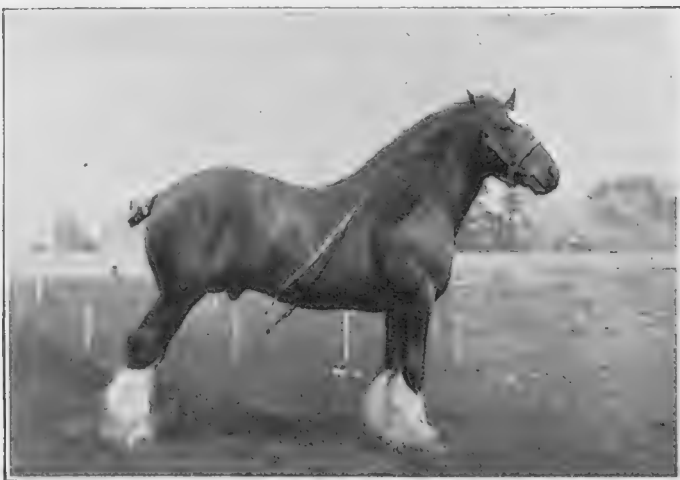
MR. E. WRIGHT'S HEREFORD BULL, TEXTSTONE PRESIDENT.



MR. S. SPENCER'S HOLY WELL MIDDLESBORO'.



MR. BOWEN JONES'S FIRST-PRIZE SHROPSHIRE RAM.



MR. R. W. HUDSON'S TRAITOR.



MR. HOLT NEEDHAM'S HUNTER FILLY, KILLARNEY.

SOME ANIMALS AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW AT CARDIFF.

which, no doubt, they are; and the one aim and object of everybody is to make money. He adds, "Better sport can be obtained in Beira even than in Cashmere, but you must spend at least £200 to get it, and have four or five months to spare. Locally, you can get small game and a few bucks, if you like to lick the boots of the Dutch farmers. I think the average colonial out here is *franchement canaille*. You get rid of your scullery-maid one day, and the next day she calls on you as the wife of some Mayor!"

One constantly hears wonderful stories of the longevity of parrots. A few years ago there was a parrot still living in Paris—and it may be alive yet for aught I know—which had been through the Revolution of

and little esteemed, but in Germany the *Fink* is the most popular little songster. Germans say that the bird has many distinct songs, and they give them different titles, such as the "Wine Song," the "Bridegroom's Song," the "Double Trill," and the "Good Year Song." The little chaffinch is as much appreciated by the lower classes as by more educated musicians, and a German workman will often live on bread and water for weeks so as to be able to afford fifteen or twenty marks for a fine songster. Indeed, farmers have been known to exchange a cow for a chaffinch, and men will travel a hundred miles to secure a really fine bird.

I am glad to know that the proposal to rebuild Ridler's Hotel has been abandoned, and that the old place will remain intact.

WAGNER'S "NIBELUNG'S RING," AT COVENT GARDEN.

HOW MR. FORMAN TRANSLATED "THE RING."

Once again the epoch-making "Ring des Nibelungen" is being performed in London, for the cycle began at Covent Garden on Monday evening with "The Rhinegold."

Up to the earlier part of the year 1873 my acquaintance with the art-theories and the art-practice of Richard Wagner had been gained at second-hand, and, though I felt a keen sympathy with his aims and

indulged a comfortable hope of in due time coming to a knowledge of his music-dramas, I had not been made to feel that, in the multiplicity of my other occupations, the completion of my education in Wagnerism was a matter of any extreme urgency. On Feb. 19, however, in the above-named year, I attended the Wagner Concert given at the Hanover Square Rooms by Mr. Edward Dannreuther, and before the end of the programme I had come to the conclusion that there had once more been given to the world something so new and so great that it would be at my own spiritual risk if I deferred for a moment longer the attempt to come to an understanding with it. With this determination, I procured the nine volumes of Wagner's "Gesammelte



MR. ALFRED FORMAN.

Photo by Martin and Sullivan, Strand.

Schriften und Dichtungen" (the tenth volume was not added till 1883), and resolved to translate it into English. I began (on June 15, 1873) with the second of the four dramas, "Die Walküre" (chiefly because I had become more familiar with the music of this part than I had with that of "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried," or "Götterdämmerung"), and, by July 1, I had got to the end of the second of the three acts, and by the 11th of the same month had completed the play. After a little revision of my work, I sent it to be printed for private distribution, and, on Sept. 11, I forwarded a copy to Wagner at Bayreuth with the following letter—

I undertook the enclosed translation of "Die Walküre" partly to gratify my own intense sympathy with your artistic aims in general, my deep interest in the intended performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Bayreuth, and my love for your works as far as I have been able to make acquaintance with them in England, and partly for the benefit of a small circle of friends who are unable to read it in German. When I had completed it, it occurred to me that it might further be made useful for spreading in this country a knowledge of your works, and I therefore have had about two hundred copies printed, which, if in accordance with your wish, I should be glad to place at the disposal (for free distribution) of Mr. Dannreuther, or anyone else connected with the Wagner Society here whom you might please to point out to me. If you approve of this translation of the "Walküre," my hope is that I shall be able to gain time from my other occupations to complete the "Ring" with similar translations of the "Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung," which might then be published in proper book-form. Moreover, I trust that the day is not distant when an edition of the music with English words will become necessary. My aim has been to produce a translation that shall appear as *poetry to English readers*. I have therefore considered it necessary to adhere to the poetical form and alliterative verse of the German. I have likewise endeavoured, as much as possible in our composite language, to avoid the use of such words as would too openly betray their Greek or Latin origin, as unfitted to the tone and subject of the drama. Beyond this, I have compared the whole with the music, and I think a very few alterations of the words would fit them to appear with the score. If, compelled by the necessities just mentioned, I have sometimes departed from your words farther than I should have wished, I trust that I have never gone far from your thought, and I feel that, under any circumstances, the translation as it now stands would give to English readers a more faithful idea of your drama than any prose word-for-word rendering that I could have made. If I have anywhere sinned against your meaning, correct me if you think my labour worthy of correction, and, if not, at least forgive the trespasses of a work of love.

On September 18 I received this answer from Wagner—

Being, to my extreme regret, unacquainted with the English language, I am sorry to be unable to estimate the literary and poetic merit of your work; but friends who are better instructed than I am have already told me how excellent it is, and, in addition to this information, I have the happiness to be able to judge very well for myself of the enthusiasm and the love which urged you to this undertaking, and encouraged you till it was completed. For this enthusiasm and this love I send you my warmest thanks, and it will give me great pleasure if you put this beautiful work at the disposal of the Wagner Society and, in particular, of my friend, Mr. Dannreuther. With the wish and the hope to welcome you in Bayreuth, I remain, &c.

Encouraged by Wagner's reception of "The Walkyrie," I continued my work at the Tetralogy, with the result that by the summer of 1875 "The Rhinegold," "Siegfried," and "Dusk of the Gods" had been completed, privately printed, and sent to Wagner.

In 1876 the "great first year" of the Bayreuth performances, I was present at two cycles of "The Nibelung's Ring." I went more than once to Wagner's house, and on one occasion, when alone with him for a little while in his study, I had the privilege of laying personally in his hands a copy of the four parts, which I had had bound together in one volume for the purpose.

ALFRED FORMAN.

THE FAUNA OF "THE NIBELUNG'S RING."

There is a certain irony in the fact that though England has been slow artistically to accept Wagnerism, yet many of the weird animals who figure in the Ring were actually manufactured in London for the first production of the cycle at Bayreuth in 1876. Thought on that great occasion was plentiful enough, but funds were not; and, beyond this, there was a multitude of minor difficulties to contend with which, probably to this day, remain a long way outside the public ken. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that in a street in Wandsworth, remote and dingy, but luminous in name—Milton Street, to wit—were manufactured a considerable portion of the Nibelungen-Fauna, and among them the all-important and much-debated dragon of the second act of "Siegfried," the immobility of whose head (whereby, as will be seen, hangs something of a tale) brought down such displeasure on that of Richard Keene, the, at that time, well-known pantomimic property artist, in whose hands the Bayreuth animal-order was placed.

The German authorities had confided the arrangement of the matter to my friend —, an early and devoted Wagnerite, and many a journey to Wandsworth he and I took together during the time that, in a specially erected shed in Keene's garden, a monstrous model was gradually assuming the dragon-shape of the transmuted giant Fafner. The remainder of Keene's order, to the best of my recollection, consisted of a car with a yoke of rams for Fricka in the "Walkyrie"; a bear, a magpie, and an ousel for "Siegfried"; sacrificial beasts and a couple of ravens for "Dusk of the Gods." About the middle of July, my friend — received a letter from one of the Bayreuth Theatre officials, saying, "Come as soon as you can; but, *um Gottes Willen*, see that everything with Keene is in order. . . . Work fearful! Rehearsals terrible! Matter of life or death!" A little later, — departed for Bayreuth, leaving me to follow in time for the second and third cycles of the "Ring," and, meanwhile, to look after Keene and the animals that were shaping themselves under his hands. This I felt to be no light responsibility, for success or failure in Bayreuth was for me success or failure of a Cause, and Keene was working against time, and Wagner and his people had become aware that time was short and the absence of the animals had begun to cause them perceptible anxiety. On July 25, for instance, I received from — the following communication—

For heaven's sake, have the BEAR sent off before the last case of the dragon. "Siegfried" is to be rehearsed again next Wednesday week. The King will be here and Wagner will be in despair if the bear is wanting. Car arrived, rams still missing, body of Fafner ditto. Keene is to move heaven and earth to have another ousel (it is not to be a magpie this time) made. That is absolutely indispensable. Let him do it before the ravens, and send it with bear if possible. Rehearsal of third act "Siegfried" *overwhelming*. Brünnhilde superb; orchestra and scenery wonderful.

To this, after a visit to Keene, I next day replied—

Case with Fafner's legs left last Saturday; case with remainder of body to go to-night or to-morrow; bear to-morrow or Friday; Fafner's head Saturday or Monday. This is Keene's programme, and he seems really anxious to move heaven and earth to get it carried out. I go to him again to-morrow. He fears an ousel impossible, because he can get no clockwork small enough. Thanks for your criticism of third act of "Siegfried."

The foregoing will serve as a specimen of the correspondence, by letter or telegram, according as the anxiety in Bayreuth waxed or waned, which went on nearly incessantly until Aug. 17, when I myself left London. By this date almost all had been more or less satisfactorily accomplished by Keene, and I was able to step into the train at Victoria with my mind fairly at ease on all points except as regarded the arrival of Fafner's head in time for the first performance, about which I was still without information. It had left London on Aug. 5 or 6 (about a week later than had been intended), and already on July 28 and Aug. 3 I had received telegrams, "Is bear and entire head off?" and "By what route can I inquire for head?" On Aug. 7, — wrote from Bayreuth, "Case with body has passed Cologne; please fire telegrams after head to Ostend and Cologne to hasten it on. . . . The King is here and no dragon! Think of that!" Then followed on Aug. 8 another telegram, "Wire after head to all stations after Ostend"; and on Aug. 9 another letter, "Dragon all right except head. All rehearsals satisfactory. Wagner in good humour"; which was followed on the 10th by yet another, "I had a telegram from Ostend yesterday evening saying that head had past." Here one might have supposed was an end of the trouble about Fafner's head, but alas! no; for on my arrival at Bayreuth I learned, to my dismay, that an important part of the neck had never reached that place, that the dragon's first appearance had gone off with maimed mechanical rites, that a makeshift neck had been substituted, and that in consequence Fafner's behaviour in his great fight with Siegfried had played fairly into the enemy's hands, and gone some way perhaps to justify the correspondent of a leading London daily in his statement that the fight in question was "a combat of man and brute such as no stage art can make other than absurd." It may be added that after the close of the Festival all possible search was made for the missing neck-joint, but that nothing ever transpired to throw any light on the mystery of its disappearance. Apart, however, from the consideration that the aforesaid animals are peremptorily prescribed by the necessities of the dramatic treatment of the subject, I, after many careful readings of Wagner's stage-directions, am firmly of opinion that he makes no greater call on the machinist than can be met by the due combination of thought and funds.

N.

WAGNERIAN HEROINES AT COVENT GARDEN.



MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA.
Photo by Dupont, New York.



MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA AS BRÜNNHILDE.
Photo by Dupont, New York.



FRÄULEIN VON ARTNER.
Photo by Hüffert, Berlin.



FRÄULEIN HELENE HIESER AS ONE OF THE RHINE DAUGHTERS.
Photo by Hüffert, Berlin.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"NOR IN ANY SON OF MAN."

BY CONSTANCE COTTERELL.

A boy and girl walked silently side by side down the long, winding path under the trees. In the house behind them the rest of the household were at breakfast. They came at last to a wicket leading into the lane. He went through, and, after a moment, held it for her. She went through, and stood beside him. He looked down on her, even admiringly. He despised girls; he always had despised them. They were useful and, preferably, beautiful; but, compared to men, physically, mentally, and morally, simply a negligible quantity. But he had a prejudice in favour of her. She was his own. This time yesterday she had not been his own—except in contemplation. He could recall now the ridiculous feeling of unworthiness he had had as he told her he loved her.

Mary drew her finger slowly down the barrel of his gun.

"Poor little rabbits!" she said.

He had been on the point of again mentioning the everlasting love and protection he intended for her, together with his conviction that she, and she alone, could minister to his personal comfort; but how could a man when a girl said things like that?

"Nonsense!" he said, and jerked his gun away quite irritably.

Mary handed him his tin of sandwiches and went half a step back towards the gate, and then turned again and looked up at him. She had clear eyes, like an undisturbed pool.

"What time shall you be back?" she asked. Even her voice did not reproach him.

"Oh, I don't know. Why?"

"We're going to call on this new bride and bridegroom honeymooning down here."

"But that has nothing to do with me."

"N—no." She looked uncertainly up the lane.

"Has it?"

"No."

He bent his head to kiss her, but did not arrive at doing it.

"I thought—I thought—," said Mary; "I thought, perhaps, if I wasn't at home when you got back you'd be disappointed."

"Well, I must come home when I've done, mustn't I?"

"Of course," said Mary.

His gun was hooked in his left arm. He put his right round Mary's shoulder. "When you are my wife," he said, "you will be very glad for me to shoot rabbits." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face. And again the feeling came over him that there was something holy about Mary—something ever so much better than himself. He kissed her hastily and straightened himself, to realise in his superior inches how all-round superior he really was.

Mary's finger was round his top button. "Shall you always love me?" she whispered. "It's so wonderful!"

"Of course. How can you ask such absurd questions?"

"And you'll never want to love anybody else?"

"When a man has once chosen, he has chosen. It's women who chop and change about. And a man never ought to forgive a woman who does."

He embraced her again, much pleased that he was able to do it without dropping his gun.

At high noon he lay in the shade of the trees, and several small dead things lay between him and his dog. He looked up at the sky and wished Mary had had more sandwiches cut. She would have to learn what a man's appetite was. And while he thought of Mary, and while what he had drunk from his flask was still hot in his throat and half-way down under his waistcoat, it seemed to him that he loved her very much. Probably no man had ever loved a girl quite so much. And it was passing comfortable to be in love, but perhaps it would be even more comfortable to be married.

Then the warmth in his throat and down under his waistcoat became a delicious vagueness of ideas. He perceived that the sky was extremely blue up there, and that the wind made an agreeable sound among the leaves. He wished Mary could have been there. Love, they say, is a state of mind. He was in that state of mind. Then he heard—

*Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.*

He opened his eyes half-way. They were a tidy sort of birds in these woods. And—snore.

*O, see you not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.*

He opened his eyes wide. Was something flame-coloured flashing through the lower branches? Were those dancing eyes turned on him and turned away again? Was the voice infinitely sweet, or—

*And see you not yon bonnie road
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.*

He sat up. He looked all round. Was that a hand beckoning? He got up. His dog got up too. "Lie still," he said roughly, "and look after the things."

He went a little way unconsciously. A flame-coloured shape seemed to fly before. He followed where it seemed to fly. Or was it a shaft of sunlight that only appeared to fly as the leaves moved to and fro in the wind? It disappeared. When it disappeared he knew it had been there. He went faster and faster after it. Suddenly from a clump of bushes bright eyes looked out on him. When he had wrenched his eager way into and out of the clump, the shape was far away in front. He saw her small feet as she stayed an instant to loosen a branch of dog-rose that held her dress.

There was now no turning back. Still he pursued, and still she flew before. All at once she leaned down over a spring, made a cup of her hands and drank. She shook the drops from her fingers, looking back at him—looking straight back at him, and then she rose up and danced away again. A thrill ran all through him. There was a sudden turn in his blood; he felt the first faint stir of the world-old desire to pursue and enjoy—and perhaps slay. He took his hand out of his pocket and walked faster.

On she went to the edge of the wood, and hesitated an instant on the brink of the wide ditch.

"Now she is mine!" he exulted.

Even as he thought it she stood on the other side and turned and waved a hand. And she smiled. After that things were different. In his sun-helmet and shooting-coat and gaiters was a primeval hunter; in the flame-coloured gown that last year had not dreamt of was the only spoil worth more than the fiercest lion or the fattest hind.

Along in the shade of the trees where the grass was still dew-wetted he saw only her. Coming nearer and nearer, he followed. She stooped to her knees, kissed a lamb she had surprised asleep, looked once more behind at him, swiftly rose and fled on. He had caught her. No. Once more she sprang across the ditch and was gone from his sight into the wood. With a cry of disappointment and rage, he sprang after her. Sprang and stumbled in his haste and fell and hurt himself. When he hurt himself he remembered Mary. With hanging head, and strange, wild feelings surging in him, he tore himself up and went on. Nothing round him but green. As he went he snapped the twigs with his hands, and when anything lay in his path he set his heel on it and ground his teeth.

In the thickest part of the wood, in a small clearing, at last he saw her. She lay against the big roots of a tree, and the sunlight hurried backwards and forwards over her.

He was not thinking of Mary now.

He went straight up to her, and threw himself on the grass beside her. She lay still, her chin resting in her hand, her elbow on a thrown-up root, still panting. She did not look at him, and she did not speak. Her eyes had never moved.

After a long time, "Why did you follow me?" she asked.

"You know," he said, "'the road to fair Elf-land.'" And he nodded stupidly.

He was dimly aware that the eyes were all at once turned on him, and that some way beneath them there ran a curving, uncertain line of red through which she spoke.

"Why did you follow me?" she said again.

He had nothing to say.

"Why?" she asked.

"You know why!"

Her other hand lay in the grass. He put his near it. She did not take it away. A burning heat, a shivering cold, possessed him as she still gazed at him and still said—

"Why?"

He buried his face in the grass. He could not speak. There was nothing to say. He longed to do something, but there was nothing he could do. A little mocking laugh rang in his ears. For shame he could not lift up his head.

"Boy!"

"I am no boy!" he cried. His eyes were wet as he flung up his head and faced her. "I—"

"You what?" She gathered grass and flung it lightly in his face.

His cheeks flamed.

"I could crush you with one hand and put out your little life. Do you think you could withstand my strength for one moment? You have no muscles and sinews—like a man. I could command you and make you obey me—because, after all, you're only a woman!"

He threw back his head and burned her with his young eyes.

"You would follow me to the world's end, though your hand never so much as touched my hand. To kiss me once you would die—because I am a woman."

He sank slowly down and down, his eyes never leaving hers.

"For me you would give your life; for me you would do the basest deed; for me you would sell your soul—because I am a woman."

He was like a candle slowly shrinking in a great heat. Insensibly he drew nearer and nearer, till at last he lay at her feet, gazing, dumbly gazing up at her. She smiled. She smiled the soul out of him, smiled till there was no more will, no more thought, no more memory in him.

"MY INNOCENT BOY," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



The attempt of the Innocent Boy on the day of his marriage to destroy the evidence of the fact that he was a widower.



This is the school where the Innocent Boy's daughter by his first marriage is being educated.



The Innocent Boy's daughter dancing with her schoolmates.

His lips moved. "I love you. . . ."

"For how long?"

"For ever. . . ."

"And nobody else?"

"And nobody else. . . ."

"In the whole world?"

"In the whole world. . . ."

His head fell down on her knees. He thought he swooned.

"Do you love me?" If he died he must ask that.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I will not love you."

"Love me," he entreated, "— or kill me."

"I will not love you."

He put his arms round her waist and strained them till she breathed in pain. "Will you not love me?"

"I will not love you."

He lifted his head and kissed her.

"Now you are a man," she said.

A light step came near and stopped. He looked up. Mary stood there in white from head to foot. She held up her face. He did not kiss her.

"You are so late, and I was so frightened! What was it?"

Silently he took the rabbits out of his pocket and showed them to her. One fell to the ground, and he left it there.

"All day! Only killing?"

He looked at her.

"Mary——"

"Yes, dear." She held out her hand. He hesitated, and at last took it. "I am so glad to have you back! It seems silly now to have been frightened."

"Mary——"

"Yes, dear. You're tired, aren't you?" she said. "So am I. We drove all those miles, and then the bride was not at home."

Suddenly he turned on her.

"Mary," he said fiercely, "have you ever loved any man but me?"

Her eyes looked up into his. They were clear, like a pool.



JAPANESE SPANIELS: YEDDO, BÉBÉ, CHIN-CHIN, AND CHOW-CHOW.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DIXON, ALBANY STREET, N.W.

"And you will love me?"

"I will not love you. But you may love me—for an hour."

When the sun had moved the shadows of the leaves an hour's space further towards the east, a voice came calling through the wood.

"That is my husband," she said, "calling me."

His arms dropped away from her.

"Your husband?"

"My husband." She turned her head on his shoulder and laughed up at him.

"How long have you been married?"

"A whole week."

"And——?"

"And you're the first other man I've seen. Happy you! A whole week!"

He sprang up, so that she fell on to the ground. He hoped she was hurt. He heard her mocking laugh ring on the air as he clove his furious way through the trees. He was afraid she was not hurt. On and on he went, stumbling, cursing, blind. The bushes and branches crashed as he passed. The birds and small creatures flew from before him.

Hours afterwards he stumbled over something in his path. It was his gun, lying in the wet grass with the little dead rabbits stretched beside it. He thought he had never seen that gun before, never shot those rabbits. His dog got stiffly up and wagged a numb, forgiving tail.

He remembered Mary—and the proud superiority of man.

Slowly he went homewards in the dusk. His head hung low, his gun he hardly held. To be unworthy of Mary's slightest regard! Mary's, whose eyes should for ever have waited on him, her lord and her god.

"I should not dare to offer you my love if I had," she said simply.

"And I should never forgive you if you did," he said from between his teeth. "No woman must love twice."

"And a man?" she said idly and with no mind to dispute, whatever the answer might be. "And a man?"

He was silent.

CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN.

These four beautiful Japanese Spaniels are the property of Miss Brown, and have never been exhibited. Although she has had the breed from 1868, when the first pair came from Japan, she has always declined to exhibit, fearing the risks. During these thirty years Miss Brown has had many beautiful pets, both home-bred and imported, and now considers she can challenge any Japs in England both in size and points. They are rare even in Japan, and fine and small specimens can only be had in the far interior, and are found in palaces and temples. On the left is the Golden Butterfly Yeddo. He has a brother and sister just like himself, and they are literally golden- and silver-haired. He is very brave, and, though he weighs hardly 3 lb., has sporting tastes and likes rabbiting. The sweet Bébé, a little black-and-white coquette, probably the smallest dog in England, sits next him. She plans all the mischief for her boys. The handsome little Chin-Chin, with his tail sixteen inches in length proudly carried on his back, is growling over the stolen chrysanthemum, which fussy Miss Chow-Chow vainly begs for. She is like an ermine, very clever, and inquisitive to a ridiculous degree. She wants to open parcels, and wishes to see about everything. They are most affectionate and companionable, very playful, and in perfect health.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

SILVER GULLS AND RED-TAILED TROPIC BIRDS.

The Silver or Jameson's Gull is very commonly found along the southern coasts of Australia, and also on those of Tasmania. "In beauty of form and lightness and gracefulness of movement, either on the wing or

Australian regions. It is common all over the Indian Ocean and South Seas in warm and temperate latitudes, and seldom comes to land, except in the breeding season, about August and September. The Red-tailed Tropic Bird may then be found along the shores of and on the islands in Torres Straits, in the wildest and most deserted spots; for, though bold enough to perch on the rigging of a ship at sea, the Tropic Bird ashore seems to labour under the delusion that every hand is against it.

Broinowski says that, when there are trees near the breeding locality, the birds are fond of perching on the loftiest boughs, as if on the look-out for intruders. No Tropic Bird attempts to make a nest: the two eggs, paler reddish-grey in colour, blotched and speckled with brownish red, are laid under some sheltering ledge of rock or in a shallow hole under a shelving bank; male and female share the task of incubation, and sit very closely. Mr. John McGillivray, when on Raine's Islet in the Torres Straits, marked a Tropic Bird swooping overhead, and, having noted the spot where it alighted, ran up and found a male bird in a hole. The Tropic Bird is rather bigger than a pheasant, and its beak tapers to an unpleasantly sharp point. The one found thus by Mr. McGillivray showed fight on being disturbed, croaking loudly and harshly and snapping at his hands; it was at a disadvantage in a hole, however, and was duly caught alive. The adult Red-tailed Tropic Bird is a very lovely creature, being white tinged with rose-colour on the back and upper parts; it has a crescent of black about the eye, and black bars on the wings; the two long central tail-feathers

give it its name, being white at the base, and rich, deep red for the remaining eighteen inches of their length. As is so often the case with such delicate hues, the rosy blush fades almost entirely in stuffed specimens. Though fish is its staple diet, Mr. McGillivray found the crop of one filled with the beaks of cuttle-fish. The young bird differs widely from its parent in colour—in fact, only an expert could identify the young Tropic Bird; it is white on the under-parts, but its back, wings, neck, and head lack the roseate tinge, being instead barred heavily with black; the beak, red in the adult, is bluish-black in the chick.



SILVER GULLS.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.

running over the ground," says Broinowski, "the Silver Gull fairly competes with the fairy-like White Tern." Gould also described it as one of the most beautiful and fairy-like birds he had ever seen. It offers ample opportunity for inspection, being curiously bold, sometimes flying within arm's length of a man, and, hovering smoothly overhead just out of reach, it studies him with apparent interest. Though so graceful, it must be accounted a sadly greedy little bird. Assembling in flocks, these gulls range over the sea in search of the small fish which constitute their staple diet, and of these, when fortune is kind, they eat so many that their wings can no longer lift them from the water. They wing their way vast distances seaward, and frequently a pair make their appearance over the wake of a vessel when she is still hundreds of miles from land; if fed—and when is such a visitor left unfed?—the birds will hover about the ship for the whole day, and then suddenly, as if struck with the thought that it was time they went home, fly off and appear no more. In the breeding season, the Silver Gulls assemble in colonies of hundreds of pairs and resort to some unfrequented spot on the coast or near salt-marshes; here the bird builds an apology for a nest—if, indeed, the word "build" does not convey an exaggerated idea of the amount of labour bestowed upon a structure only a stretch of politeness could call a nest at all. A few sticks, rushes, or grass tufts are collected, and on this are laid four or five eggs, which differ considerably one from another both in coloration and shape. The Zoological Society have possessed several examples of this gull, which, in its dress of pale-grey above white breast and red legs and beak, might be mistaken for our own Black-headed Gull in winter plumage. On three occasions this little stranger has bred in the "Zoo."

More truly a "sea-bird" than any of the gulls is the Tropic Bird, the "Boatswain Bird" of sailors, of which there are three species, the Red-tailed only being found in



RED-TAILED TROPIC BIRDS.

Photo by Wilson, Aberdeen.



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LA GRANDE VAGUE.—G. CLARM.

EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

"La Grande Vague," by M. G. Clarm, exhibited at the Paris Salon, is reproduced on another page. It is a picture which has great impressiveness in black-and-white. The swirl of the chaos is splendidly indicated, and the dramatic representation of the personal embodiment



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EARLY SPRING.—G. F. WATTS, R.A.

Photo by F. Hollyer.

of the whirling and wild elemental forces has just the violence which is justified by the subject. Here is the reason why the black-and-white version does the picture but little injustice.

"Early Spring," by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., is also reproduced herewith, and is quite a charming little work. Of course, one misses here the peculiar surface of the painting which is the most notable characteristic of Mr. Watts's manner; there is a suggestion of it, however, in the stiffness of the lower part of the little frock, and you get a glimpse of it in the bare feet. Mr. Watts has always painted background as landscape with great charm, and here there is no exception. There is in the dim sky an Old-Master suggestion which is altogether satisfying and beautiful, and the flower accessories are beautifully drawn and placed.

Mr. Byam Shaw is very rapidly making his way to the front by his portraiture. He never takes a subject without, at all events, regarding it with originality of thought and without bringing to it originality of treatment. His portrait of "Evelyn, Daughter of Mr. J. N. Pyke-Nott," is a case in point. The figure is placed statuesquely against the stiffest of backgrounds, and yet it is as modern as any woman could possibly be, both in pose and in dress. The wall, meanwhile, aggressively relieves the figure from the slightest suggestion of frivolity. The result is perhaps a little expressionless and stiff. I could quite sympathise with the lady if she chose to address her painter in some such lines as—

O, Byam Shaw!
Type of the painter-poet,
This heart of mine
Is soft as thine,
If only thou wouldst show it.

Now, when the thoughts of Burlington House have become a trifle stale, when people have begun to be tired of asking themselves the eternal question, Is the Academy good or bad?—when even the wonder of Mr. Sargent's great portraits has become an indifferent topic of interest in general conversation—it is as well that the International Society of Sculptors, Gravers, and Painters should come along to Knightsbridge, bringing their sheaves with them. And they are the sheaves of a very plentiful harvest indeed. Mr. Whistler has been responsible for the hanging of the pictures, and nothing better in its way could be conceived.

The greatest interest centres naturally in Mr. Whistler's—he is the President of the Society—own pictures, of which he sends a number dating from a somewhat early period of his career. There is the Nocturne, "Valparaiso," and there the "Piano Picture" and "La Princesse des Pays de la Porcelaine," and there are others, all making one wonder how and why it was that these exquisite things should ever have had to endure a struggle with the academic world of art before they arrived at their kingdom. There, too, is a delightful portrait by Mr. Whistler of himself, which, if rumour speaks truly, now appears on the canvas in the place of the famous portrait of "Lady Eden."

Where it is impossible to enter into detail, one must not forget to mention the extraordinary and sensational Manet, "The Execution of Maximilian," a work which unites the most incisive qualities of realism to the characteristics of wonderful painting and an artistic sentiment for grouping. There used to be an old story that Mr. Whistler had said that, whatever other people went to the Academy to see, he, for his part, always, in the first instance, went for the pictorial anecdotes of the year. It was a natural expression of contempt, which must have paused,



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EVELYN, DAUGHTER OF MR. J. N. PYKE-NOTT.—BYAM SHAW.

however, before this amazing work. One has also to remember that the picture was painted more than thirty years ago. Then we have Degas, and Fritz Thaulow, and Mr. Priestman, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. Francis James, Ferdinand Khnopff, and others about whom it is impossible to write more at the present moment.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I have been much interested in reading Mr. Trevor-Battye's new book of travels, "A Northern Highway of the Tsar" (Constable). Yet the narrative has very little of striking incident in it, and it is only now and again, when he recalls some deep impression of beauty or strangeness, that he takes pains to write much better than a schoolboy on a holiday. But there is a simplicity, a naturalness, in the record that impress a reader with a sense of the reality of the thing, and then the rest of our interest is won by the record of sheer obstinacy which the pages unfold. The book tells the story of his return journey from Kolguev, across the Tundras, in the time of "Rasputnya." Rasputnya is the period between autumn and winter in North Russia, when the whole land is morass and swamp. No Russian would think of making a journey then, labour contracts are off, and keepers of stages are not obliged to supply sleighs and horses. But Mr. Trevor-Battye was not to be beaten; he wished to push on, and push on he did. Travelling thus, "in defiance of all tradition, custom, and common sense," he said he learnt a great deal more of the Russian peasant under testing circumstances than he would have done otherwise. "Imagine trying to drive a heavily laden carriage, sometimes across miles of sodden, ploughed land in the Weald of Kent, sometimes through miles of New Forest bog," he says, to give us some idea of his experience. Rasputnya certainly does not tempt an ordinary holiday-maker, but it afforded a most entertaining tale of stubbornness to read by the fireside. The surface of the country was not their only difficulty. In spite of the extraordinary loyalty they experienced, their obstinacy in moving on was sometimes too much for their peasant helpers, who fled into the forest. "The forest in Northern Russia is the great appeal from all that is disliked. Because of the forest you can hold no one to his bargain, for the forest lies at his very door. A man need but slip away for fifty paces, double a little to right and left, and you might as well be running a wolf." Books about Russia are all very hopeful, or much the reverse. This is one of the hopeful ones. Even in those remote parts he saw traces of the beneficent hand of the Tsar, and he has the utmost faith in the present régime.

If you would get what is good out of Mr. Frank Stockton's new story, "The Girl at Cobhurst" (Cassell), you must take it as you would a visit to a remote and homely farm-house. There you do not expect excitement, stimulus, burning interests, ingenious mental puzzles. You walk about in a sleepy air of hay-making, among tangled, sweet-scented gardens; you lie fallow and contented; the brightest incident in your life will be the meeting with some old crusted eccentricities. The homely has always had an attraction for Mr. Stockton, but he has generally flavoured it by adventure, by extravaganzas, by the sayings and doings of Pomona, or Captain Horn, or the indomitable Mrs. Cliff. There is no such relief here. There are humours, but there is no sensation. You are gently tickled all the way through by the anecdotes of Miss Panney, and you are kept in good-humour by the simple genuineness of the quiet folks that smile but do not disturb themselves for your entertainment. Now Mr. Stockton has reached the limits of what he may safely do in effortless narrations, and I suspect that he had as little idea as any of his readers what the story was to be about even when he had got half-way through. It is pleasant to saunter for a little in this sleepy air; but next time we shall expect him to take a little more trouble to amuse us.

Those who read Mr. Basil Thomson's "Divisions of a Prime Minister" will know where he found the material for his still more delightful book, "The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath" (Innes). This Fijian heroine is one of the most fascinating which the fiction—or shall I say the biography?—of recent years has introduced us to. How much *Wahrheit* and how much *Dichtung* Mr. Thomson has put into her story is his secret. For my part, I believe every word he has written, and Fiji would certainly be a goal of pilgrimage to me were not the last chapter headed "The Passing of Asenath." She was not young in years at the time this sympathetic Englishman was watching her career, but her spirit was lit and fed by eternal youth and freshness. She was saucy, she was witty, she was generous, she was adored by her juniors. To them should be the kingdoms of the earth, she held, and their share of joy was always the larger for her management of their surroundings. She was a lovable scandal, of a conduct frequently reprehensible, and of no orthodoxy at all; but she tolerated the idea of the Christian Heaven, when the thought occurred to her that she might turn it into a livelier place, just as she, a despised Fijian, had done in Tonga, which thought no end of itself and its resources. The Lady Asenath is the bright star of the book; yet there are other characters to which your hearts will warm; and there are episodes in which she played no part at all that are, nevertheless, magnificent. I do not know which is the more glorious tale, "The Devil's Game"—it was football, by the way—or "The Great International Cricket Match." They are both Homeric. It has been said again and again, and with truth, that no novel-writer in England can make anything of cricket matches—that Dickens and Meredith as well as the rest have failed. Little wonder, when the game is played with such niggling precision! You must see it played in the South Seas to know its possibilities as material for the imaginative writer. Mr. Thomson did—and lo, this glorious chapter! Indeed, be it love, or intrigue, or sport you wish to read of, you will find no better echo of them than in the tales gathered together under the name of "The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath." o. o.

A TALE OF '98.

Despite the question of the familiar song, '98 is now a perfectly permissible topic, and the reviewer has no fear of attainder when he finds himself called upon to discuss Mr. H. A. Hinkson's lively story, "Up for the Green" (Lawrence and Bullen), which deals with the fortunes of various persons involved, voluntarily or involuntarily, in the memorable rising.

The story is related by Jeremiah French, a worthy and loyal merchant of Cork, who in September of 1798 set out with his daughter Patience to travel to Dublin. The war had injured Mr. French's business, in the interests of which it was necessary for him, despite the danger of the attempt, to proceed to the capital. He had also hopes of uniting his daughter to the son of his kinsman, James Lefroy, whom he was to visit. The journey was performed by mail-coach, and all went well until the travellers reached a place called Red Gap, some twenty miles from Dublin. At that point the party was captured by the United Irishmen, and the sorrows of Mr. French began. Among the captors was a young man whom Jeremiah took to be a Frenchman, who used his good offices with the rebel Colonel MacMahon to procure some consideration for the prisoners. This gentleman's kindness, however, was not altogether agreeable to Mr. French, who began to suspect that tenderness for his daughter was the cause. The captors took their prisoners along with them, and, on the march, the anxious father's fears were only confirmed, and his disquiet intensified by the discovery that Patience did not resent the officer's attentions.

Numberless dangers had to be encountered by the prisoners. French and his daughter were not alone in misfortune. With them on the mail went one Foster, a porter-merchant of Cork, and one Frazer, a Scotchman, and these laid their heads together to escape. They had hopes of a rescue from a Loyalist spy, Tomlinson, in the insurgent ranks; but one fine day, while the gallant Frenchman was rowing Patience on the lake, Jeremiah and Foster, walking in a wood, discovered friend Tomlinson hanged by the neck till he was dead. Finally, however, the prisoners are released, only to be recaptured by the King's troops, who will not believe them loyal, as French's pass is lost, and Patience was wearing a green cockade given her by her lover, who had turned out to be no Frenchman, but Major O'Neill. After sufferings great and manifold, French and his daughter are tried and acquitted, but poor Foster is, to his surprise, charged with complicity in the murder of Tomlinson. Then Patience confesses that she alone is to blame, having whispered to O'Neill that Tomlinson was a spy. Jeremiah, having heard an ambiguous sentence passed upon her, is overcome, for he is weak and wounded. By the leniency of a King's officer, however, Patience is restored to him. Patience will have nothing to say to young Lefroy, and pines for her dashing rebel, who does not forget to send a token and the lady's box, with her prettiest dresses, which had been confiscated. After the peace, father and daughter return to Cork, and there O'Neill, a hunted fugitive, receives from them the reward of his former consideration. Evidently Patience forgave him the inflexible sense of duty which caused him to hang poor Tomlinson, as what woman would not to a lover who had rescued and restored her wardrobe? "Up for the Green" is a tale rather of incident than of plot, and as such it may fairly claim success. It is a brave tale of brave times, but the author of "O'Grady of Trinity" might with advantage have given us another touch or two of humour, whereof he has been somewhat sparing. J. D. S.

A SONG OF JUNE: CARNATIONS.

The place that once your blossoms knew
Forgets you. Salvias take the dew,
And think themselves as red as you.

You are reaped, you are fallen like the wheat
That flung its gold at Ruth's bare feet,
Content that she should harvest it!

Are you content to leave your kin,
The swaying pinks, and enter in
New life that fades ere it begin?

Are you content? Content or no,
I chose you out from honeyed snow
Of anise, from all pinks that blow—

I chose you out, mid silver phlox,
Nor stayed my hand, because the stocks
Were sweet, or tall the hollyhocks.

You are reaped, you are fallen. Do the bees
Miss you and ask the elder-trees
What keeps you from June's mysteries?

A deeper mystery than they deem.
A quiet room, where shadows seem
More than mere shadows: here you dream

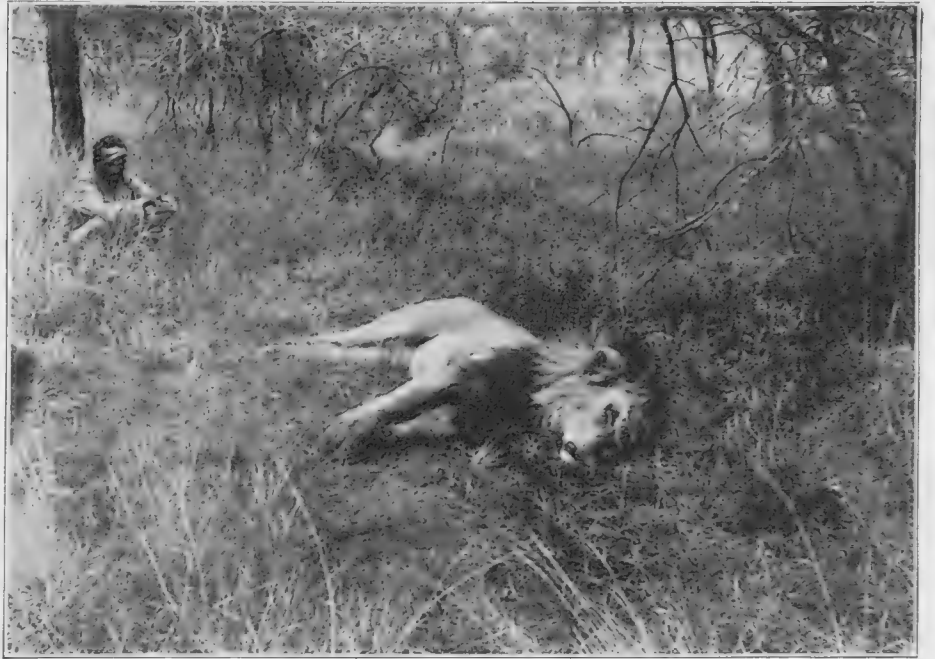
Of light outside—of cloudless sky,
A dreaming woman's pillow by;
Prisoner like you, condemned to die

Like you, before to-morrow's rain
Beat on her darkened window-pane:
But she, not you, will live again.

NORA HOPPER.

HOW I SHOT LIONS IN SOMALILAND.

I first visited Somaliland for sporting purposes in the spring of 1897, but was unable to obtain more than four months' leave, which, however, proved amply sufficient. The passage from Aden to Berbera was accomplished in May. At the latter place preparations for the trip were found in a forward state, and a couple of days sufficed to make the final arrangements preparatory to a start. In a few weeks the shooting-grounds were reached. Lions were found to be fairly numerous, and it was not long before the natives brought in definite news of their whereabouts. The first lion, shown in the photograph, was a fine old male which was brought to book with no little difficulty. He was in the habit of hunting in bush within a few miles of the zeriba, whence he might occasionally be heard roaring or moaning to himself. Long before dawn, however, he would leave the vicinity and betake himself to densely wooded and broken ground, where tracking was almost impossible. The next day his tracks would probably be found, only to be again lost; and on one occasion, when all might have been brought to a successful issue, a puff of wind warned him of approaching danger and enabled him to make good his escape. A few days later his tracks led up to the mouth of a deep nullah, along the bottom of which they were carefully followed. The lion had, however, evidently been on the look-out, for, as the leading tracker rounded a bend, he sprang up the side of the ravine, giving time for nothing but a hurried shot, which apparently had but slight



AN OLD LION.

such their tracks proved them to be, had first killed and eaten what they could, but, when they could eat no more, they had continued to kill for no apparent cause. Onlookers were then dismissed, and the serious work of tracking taken in hand. The work was difficult and tedious, for the sun was high in the heavens, and the ground so parched and dry that none but trained trackers could have followed the trail. Several miles had been covered before the first lioness was discovered, lying on her side in the shade of a bush, with her head turned in the opposite direction. The shot was a difficult one, and the bullet grazed without entering her side. On this the lioness turned and charged fiercely, covering the ground with enormous bounds, but, before she had materially lessened the distance, a shot in the chest brought her to the ground.

Meanwhile, the horsemen were racing after a second lioness, which had been making off. The shikaries and I followed, and on arrival found the horsemen grouped in the centre of a bare open space, with the lioness, not at first visible, at bay in the neighbouring bush. Suddenly we spied her crouching within a few yards. Thinking herself unobserved, she had remained absolutely motionless, her colour exactly blending with the sandy soil. I fired into her mouth, on which she roared, turned, and, springing over a thorn-bush, fell dead on the far side. The third lioness made good her escape.

The beautiful Greater Koodoo, shown in the third photograph, is one of the finest of African antelopes.

It is to be found on high, stony hills, where stalking is laborious and difficult, but the trophy, once obtained, is well worth all the hard work undergone in its pursuit.

J. JOHNSTON STEWART.



LIEUTENANT STEWART AND THE LIONESS.

effect, for, as it was fired, the lion answered the report with a low growl, but did not turn to charge, as he would almost certainly have done had he been badly wounded. The following day we failed to find his tracks, but on the second day they were again discovered, only to be lost, as before, in ground which rendered tracking practically impossible. The lion was not, however, to escape. Some few days later his tracks showed us the spot where he had evidently killed and dragged away a large antelope. The broad trail thus made was followed with great caution till, nearly a mile further on, the lion was discerned lying asleep beside his prey. He had gorged himself with the flesh of a bull oryx, and so far once forgot his caution. A well-placed bullet put an end to his career.

The lioness shown in the photograph was one of three of her sex which had been preying on the Somalis' sheep. The evening previous to the day on which she was shot, part of a flock had strayed on its way to the fold, and had consequently been left out in the bush all night. Next morning only their remains were discovered! The greater part had been destroyed by lions. On native horsemen bringing the news, we made the best of our way to the spot. There we found a terrible scene of depredation. Dead sheep lay around in all directions, some almost entirely eaten, others barely touched. The lionesses, for



THE GREATER KODOO.



MISS LEE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MISS LLOYD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. HASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE NEW "VANITY FAIR."

Still another edition of "Vanity Fair"—Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. are still the publishers—and what a perennial freshness it has! Nothing is old-fashioned about it except the author's drawings, and, if Thackeray had never taken a pencil in his hand, one of his readers would have been deeply thankful. The particular world he drew with his pen remains precisely what he left it. Emile Faguet said lately that Balzac's fame has renewed its splendour because the life he painted is even more characteristic of France now than in his own day. The essentials of "Vanity Fair" have not changed in fifty years. The costumes are different; the ideas, especially the idea of social advancement, have not altered one jot. True, the art of fiction has become more impersonal since Thackeray's time. The artist does not lay himself open now to Taine's strictures on Thackeray's method of pursuing the characters he disliked, and openly preaching at Becky. You may vote against the preaching, and yet the genius which drew those characters remains undimmed, because Becky and the rest have a tremendous vitality, quite unaffected by their creator's moral opinions. Open "Vanity Fair" anywhere you please, and you are carried away at once by the sheer prodigality of force. Take the episode of old Sir Pitt's proposal to Becky after her secret marriage with Rawdon Crawley. So masterly is the art that you sympathise with her bitter fury at finding herself cheated of such a prize, and you admire the Napoleonic spirit with which she rallies her forces for the new plan of campaign, and writes that incomparable letter to Miss Briggs,

the poor companion of Rawdon's rich old aunt. Like Napoleon, Becky is never so magnificent as in defeat. Thackeray said he disliked everybody in the book, "except Dob and poor Amelia" and Briggs. But it is none the less true that, when the people he disliked in "Vanity Fair" were living under his magical hand, they mastered him just as they continue to master us, by the qualities which make the difference between truthful portraiture and moral caricature. Hence Thackeray, with all his preachments, really lives for us by his impersonal fidelity to character.

"My father never wished for any biography of himself to be written," says Mrs. Ritchie; "and for this reason I have never attempted to write one." The interesting notes Mrs. Ritchie has contributed to this edition of "Vanity Fair" are biographical, nevertheless, and when she has finished annotating the remaining volumes of her father's works, the outlines of a biography will be tolerably definite. "His nature was somewhat difficult to understand," said Anthony Trollope, who wrote a book to show that he, at all events, did not understand it. But, with Mrs. Ritchie's delightful "memories," already published, with her introductory commentaries on the present edition of Thackeray, with the Brookfield letters, with Carlyle's famous description, and the miscellaneous side-lights in contemporary chronicles, we can make a biography which is far from meagre. The subject of it would have no reason to complain if he came back from the shades to see what the world was doing with his reputation. He might even be amused—though no man ever had

a finer sense of personal dignity—to find that, five-and-thirty years after his death, some reverent spirits still write of "Mr." Thackeray. —L. F. A.



THACKERAY'S HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.



THACKERAY'S HOUSE AT KENSINGTON PALACE GREEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS, OXFORD STREET, W.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE : My father, you know, kept a pack of hounds.
SHE : Really ? Mine kept rabbits !



*Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past regrets and Future Fears.
 To-morrow!—why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.*

—THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM, BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW STORY.*

This is Mr. Pemberton in a new vein. Pirates, Puritans, Huguenots, historical draperies and the romance of buccancering, give place to a story of adventure very adroitly yoked to the modern spirit. The spy is always with us. The betrayer of secrets in fiction has passed through endless incarnations, from Harvey Birch to Count Fosco, and from Fosco to the more or less interesting intriguer who turns up in any sensational tale you may buy at the bookstall. But Mr. Pemberton is not content with the common run of espionage. His spy is a woman, not a seductive Zieka who has the *entrée* to Embassies, and steals a map-tracing from a despatch-box, leaving behind the tell-tale perfume dear to French drama. Marian Best is a simple English governess, and yet she is a cut above pilfering at Embassies. Nothing less than Kronstadt is her quarry—Kronstadt the impregnable, the greatest citadel in the world. She has a cousin at the Admiralty, and he promises £10,000 for the plans of Kronstadt, if this innocent little woman, who has not the smallest talent for intrigue, can manage to send them to the British Government. No doubt the Government keeps a fund for speculations of this kind, though in these days of moral inquiry in the House of Commons it is hard to say how a hard-pressed Treasury can lay its hand on money enough for secret service. Ten thousand pounds for the plans of Kronstadt! It is little enough; but Marian Best thinks it would be an excellent provision for her little brother Dick, whose future is her chief worldly care. Here a cold, analytic reader may suggest that an English governess with a small brother to bring up would be content with less exalted game than the secrets of Kronstadt, especially as detection would mean ruin, loss of liberty, and perhaps of life, and a very black look-out for Dick, deprived suddenly and inexplicably of his only protector. But that objection shows deficient imagination. Mr. Pemberton, with sure instinct, has divined that a girl like Marian Best would play for a tremendous stake precisely because its possibilities would not always be haunting her nerves. Very simple women sometimes essay things from which vastly abler men would shrink. Besides, if Marian Best were a woman with a calculating intellect, the whole freshness and audacity of her position would not exist. She finds herself in the household of the Deputy-Governor of Kronstadt, teaching English to his tiresome children. He is a bit of a dog, that Deputy-Governor, and he ogles the governess, who is pretty and modest, without a dash of the coquetry that might excite suspicion in the mind of a responsible though philandering official. In short, Marian Best is a spy of such an original type that the wildest Muscovite would never dream of that cousin in the Admiralty, and the £10,000 in store for brother Dick. This is the first of the cunning strokes that show how Mr. Pemberton's judgment has matured. As for his invention, that has always been full-grown, supple, and versatile.

Now a young Russian officer, Paul Zassulic, falls in love with Marian, and the heavens tumble about her ears when he catches her in the act of drawing a map in General Stefanovitch's cabinet. Appalled by this treachery, he has his duty clearly before him. He must denounce her to his superiors. That decision is lucky for him, as his superiors have already learned from England—in London Russians learn everything—that there is a spy at Kronstadt making drawings. Marian is arrested and shut up in a cell, where her health fails. Her distracted lover induces the General to concede some kinder treatment, and he is appointed to conduct her on his yacht from one fort to another. Cleverly evading the soldiers who are to accompany him, he makes for the open sea and baffles pursuit, after some narrow escapes described in Mr. Pemberton's best manner. The *Esmeralda* is commanded by a British salt, old John Hook, whose vernacular is delightfully briny. "I'd spit on all the skippers in Roosher for a noggin of rum," says old John. The voyage of the *Esmeralda* is excellent, though marred a little by an episode which strikes me as needless. Amongst the islands off the coast of Finland, Marian has the singular idea that, as her lover's self-sacrifice for her sake is too great to be borne, she will steal away and

leave him to make his peace with the Russian authorities. This is overdoing her simplicity, for it was idle to suppose that her abandonment of him would make his offence any less heinous in the eyes of his judges. She rows away in a dinghy in the middle of the night, has an unpleasant adventure with a mad leper, and is recovered by Paul when there seems every chance of death by exposure and starvation. The leper is not worth this digression.

But that mistake is amply redeemed by the turn of events when the fugitives arrive in London. It is true that Paul Zassulic is not endowed with a very strong headpiece. He has the ingenuous notion that Kronstadt ought not to be revengeful because he has run away with the spy, seeing that she has promised to abstain from all communication with that astute gentleman of the Admiralty, and, moreover, has no maps to give him. Paul imparts this naïve argument to a Russian friend in South Audley Street, who is not impressed by it. Kronstadt turns up in the person of Colonel Bonzo, a very grim warrior, capitally drawn, and then Paul, who has a strangely small acquaintance with Russian ways, finds himself a prisoner. How he is released, and how the desire of his heart is gratified with the express sanction of the threatening Bonzo, is one of those surprises which no right-minded reviewer has any right to disclose. Let the reader find it out for himself. He cannot fail to acclaim it as one of the most spirited bits of invention in all the fiction of this class. And he will close the book, I promise him, with all the exhilaration that a most ingenious device and an admirably picturesque style can give him.

L. F. A.

AN OLD SALT.

Admiral the Hon. Victor A. Montagu has just published through Messrs. Black his recollections as a midshipman, and very strangely they read in these days when lads do not begin their training for the Navy until they are anything from fourteen to fifteen and a-half years old, and they are not ready for sea until fifteen months later. The son of an Earl, and the grandson, on his mother's side, of the Marquis of Anglesea, who commanded cavalry at Waterloo, and a godson of the Queen to boot, Victor Montagu was packed off to sea when only twelve and a-half years of age, after little schooling and no naval training. He joined the *Princess Royal*, of ninety-one guns, then commanded by his uncle, Lord Clarence Paget, and, stripping that he was, he immediately became the captain's A.D.C. and was given command of his twelve-oared cutter. He entered the Navy just in time to take part in the Crimean War, the second China War, and the Indian Mutiny, and then he returned to England a youth of eighteen who had seen all the horrors and glory of war that was to come

in his way during a long career on the active list of thirty-three years. When only fourteen or fifteen, he commanded in boat actions with pirates in China waters, and he had the good fortune to act as "galloper" to Brigadier-General Rowcraft, and subsequently to Lord Mark Kerr, during the Indian Mutiny. What perhaps most surprises one are the conditions under which in these days of privilege naval cadets were forced to live on board ship. They were all sons of men of high social standing, for the Navy was very exclusive in the early 'fifties, and yet Admiral Montagu writes—

We certainly were shockingly fed in those days. . . . The rations were the same as those allowed to the ship's company—a pound of very bad salt junk (beef) or of pork as salt as Mrs. Lot, execrable tea, sugar, and biscuit that was generally full of weevils, or well overrun with rats, or (in hot climates) a choice retreat for the detestable cockroach. . . . In one ship—I think it was the *Nankin* frigate—cockroaches swarmed. Sugar or any other sweet matter was their attraction; and at night, when they were on the move, I have seen strings of the creatures, an inch and a-half long, making a route over you in your hammock. Some ships were overrun with them. Rats also were a dreadful nuisance; they invariably nested among the biscuit-bags. We Mids used to lie awake and watch them coming up at night from the hold on to the cockpit deck, and, well armed with shoes, hair-brushes, and so on, we persecuted them.

Yet this school for seamen turned out some splendid officers—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Harry Keppel, "the Father of the Navy," and now in his eighty-ninth year; Admiral Sir Frederick Richards, the first Sea Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth; Sir Edmund Fremantle, in command at Devonport, and other distinguished officers of this period we still have with us.



SHE BOUNDED FORWARD INTO THE HEART OF THE BREAKERS.

From "Kronstadt," By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co.)

A PROTOTYPE OF A SCOTT HERO.

There is at least one spot in the British Isles which has seen John Ruskin on his knees. The act of devotion was also an act of hero-worship. The temple was one where the soul might well be awed and



THE TURNPIKE HOUSE, DUMFRIES.
SCENE OF THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT GRIERSON ("REDGAUNTLET").
From a Drawing by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

chastened by the sublimity of its surroundings; but the choice of the hero must have struck many people as curious. It was in the Pass of Killiecrankie, which witnessed the discomfiture of the forces of the new Hanoverian sovereigns, but saw also "the vanquished triumph and the victors mourn," because of the fate of Viscount Dundee. "I knelt," Ruskin has written, "beside the stone that marks the spot of Clavers' death-wound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now." It is the subject of this pious aspiration who, as Macaulay tells us, "has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred." The viewpoints are different. The Scot—especially the Scot reared amid the Covenanted traditions of the south and the west—thinks of the lonely gravestones scattered on moor and hill that tell of peasants done to violent and sudden death by the troopers of Claverhouse. On the other hand, the modern critic of art and prophet of philanthropic economics probably concentrated his attention on the qualities of unquestioning obedience to official superiors and loyalty to a falling cause which regulated his hero's life and crowned a stormy career with sunset splendour.

There is another name, less conspicuous in the broader annals of the period, that shares with that of Claverhouse the full energy of the Scotchman's hatred. It is the name of Sir Robert Grierson of Lag—the "bloody Lag," the "cruel man" of Wodrow's history and of martyrs' epitaphs. No Ruskin has been known to pray for his restoration to the scenes of his former activity; no Aytoun has sung his chivalry or his valour. His memory lacks the death-bed lustre of a battlefield. He lost his opportunity at Killiecrankie, for he was at the time an involuntary inmate of "the Heart of Midlothian." He carried until the age of eighty years or more the weight of the petty and somewhat sordid cares of a squire of broad but apparently encumbered acres. A gleam of the romance of war did come into the family circle when two of his sons went "out in the 'Fifteen" with the undisciplined Jacobite levy; but even the grim glory of Tower Hill was denied them, and the adventure ended prosaically in a fine of a year's rental of the estate.

There was no heroic offset to the dark tragedy on Wigtown sands, and to-day Grierson lives as the central figure of a cluster of legends which might almost compensate for the lack of a laureate more complimentary than the contemporary author of the bitter "Elegy," whom Carlyle has identified as John Orr, a pious but tippling Annandale schoolmaster. Lag's "passing," according to these legends, made a commotion in two worlds at least. Phantom ships were afloat on the Solway that night, and the Prince of Darkness sent his state coach over its waves, to the consternation of human mariners, to receive the spirit of "his trusty and well-beloved friend," as he is made to style Sir Robert in the elegy. The body was more difficult to dispose of, for, according to the legend, the dragging of the hearse over the six miles of road between the town of Dumfries and the old churchyard of Dunscore cost the lives of two pairs of horses and threatened more serious mischief. But it is as the "Sir Robert Redgauntlet" of the

weird and powerful tale of Willie, the wandering fiddler, that Scott has made Sir Robert Grierson's memory immortal. Ruskin has pronounced that tale to be "as natural as the best of Burns, with a grandeur in its main scene equal to Dante."

Whatever may have been the true circumstances of his burial, what may now be left of Sir Robert's earthly part rests as quietly in that sequestered and deserted cemetery as do the remains of his kinsman of Dalgonar, who took the opposite side in the civil strife, or of Captain Riddell, who here sleeps soundly after his deep drinking for "the whistle," which was sung by his neighbour of Ellisland. A sister of the "bonnie Annie Laurie" is a companion of theirs in this spot. A ring a few yards in diameter would encompass the four graves. The Lag burial-ground was originally covered by a little building, the "family aisle," at the door of which Steenie Steenson "cam' to himsel'" in the freshness of a dewy morning after his desperate enterprise. But it had become ruinous, and the place had long been a prey to neglect. This state of matters has lately been remedied by Sir Alexander Grierson, who has placed upon the spot a modest monument, of which an illustration accompanies these notes. This has not been done without mild protest from some of the Presbyterian clergy of the neighbourhood, for care bestowed on what one of them had in print termed "the dishonoured grave" destroys the point of a familiar moral. Into the monument there have been set two ancient stones. The top one, from the old Tower of Lag, that dates back to the time of the Scottish James III., bears the three locks of the family arms and the initials of an early head of the house. The bottom one is a memorial stone found in the old burial-place. The initials on it are those of Sir William Grierson and his wife, Nicola Maxwell, daughter of the fourth Lord Herries—that Lord Herries who conducted the hapless Queen Mary on her flight from the battle of Langside to his house of Terregles, and was her steadfast friend and champion during her subsequent captivity. The other letters, "S. D.," doubtless stand for "Sacra Domine."

It was not in Sir Robert's castle that the death-scene actually occurred. Some thirteen years before that event the eldest son had married, and his father made over to him the estate and the family residence, stipulating only for an annuity of £166 13s. 6d., and an additional eight pounds to provide him with a house. Whether it was with that modest eight pounds or some larger sum, he rented "The Turnpike House," in Dumfries, and there he died on the last day of 1733. This was a good town mansion of its day, built on "The Plainstones," the most fashionable thoroughfare, by Sharpe, of Hoddam, an ancestor of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the antiquary, man of letters, and "Border Minstrel," who made the drawing of it which is reproduced on this page. The house got its name from the winding stair, known in Scotland as a turnpike, that was carried up inside the square projection



MONUMENT TO "REDGAUNTLET."

to the front. It was also known, by way of pre-eminence, as "Hoddam's Stone House." The house was in its later days converted into shops on the ground floor and tenement dwellings above, and it was removed in 1826. Its name survives in that of one of the "closes" adjoining its site.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is rather a pity that the conditions of the present war are not in some respects reversed. If the Spaniards could have a superior but slow and heterogeneous fleet, blockading a small squadron of swift cruisers and destroyers manned by Americans, there might be a number of very pretty and useful object-lessons as to the real value and proper use of modern ships. But the Spaniards, brave as they are, are hardly the people to try unconventional enterprises in little boats packed full of delicate machinery. They have not either the lawless daring or the mechanical instinct of the sailor of Anglo-Saxon blood. And so it is not unlikely that Admiral Cervera, skilfully as he has got into his harbour, will find it hard to emerge, and perhaps meet the fate of Ting (if that was his name) at Port Arthur, cut off by land and blocked in by sea.

The Manila fight was too unequal to be of use as a lesson. Heavier and better armed and protected ships, with superior gunners, knocked a number of nearly obsolete cruisers and gunboats to pieces—a victory more like that of Sinope than any other fight of recent times. The disappearance of the Spanish squadron and its perfect success in eluding its superior enemy would seem to point to naval surprises in the next war; but, then, Admiral Sampson is not, perhaps, a fair sample of the commanders a great Naval Power could set over its fleets, for, without doubt, he has followed his namesake in being more noted for strength than for sight, and a few of Mr. Kipling's destroyers might conceivably throw his incongruous assemblage of marine monsters into a hopeless flurry. But, then, the destroyers must not be merely thirty-knot British-built boats, but with a young Nelson or Cochrane, doubled with an engineer, in command of each. They don't make Nelsons in Spain. What a chance to waylay the big *Oregon* on her long voyage; and what a chance to intercept the Spanish squadron before it reached a friendly port—and both chances missed! But we must remember how Nelson came within an ace of nipping Bonaparte in the bud on his way to Egypt—in which case there might have been no Napoleon—and how he hunted vainly for Villeneuve, and yet came back in time to save England.

Now, however, the combatants cannot, for very necessity, delay much longer. Cervera is certainly not sent out to be bottled in a narrow-necked harbour while Cuba is invaded, nor are the American commanders meant to maintain a tedious and dangerous blockade outside the safe retreat of a few destroyers. One will come out or the other go in, and then we shall have an Earl's Court display on a rather larger scale. Also the Cadiz fleet will some day be in a condition to sail, and, if it joins the other, will make a respectable squadron enough, with proper management, to cause much trouble. Everything, except yellow fever, urges action, and the Americans seem to have made up their minds to chance that. There is no need for an enormous army to take Havana; the British expeditions that took both that city and Manila in the Seven Years' War were small, decidedly inferior in numbers to the besieged in each case; but they did not trouble about this. The Germans about Paris were always largely inferior in mere numbers to the armed men within the city, but they had discipline, and were the better fighting material. Military discipline seems rather to seek in the United States, as was only to be expected; yet, if the men are only hardy and seasoned to rough life, and good shots, they are probably good enough to tackle Spanish conscripts.

But this delay and unreadiness will teach the people of the United States a much-needed lesson, which we may well pass on to ourselves—namely, that a nation must be ready at all times, and that money and men and all resources may exist in profusion and yet never have a chance of getting to work at all. The great American Civil War has left a legacy of warlike feeling, but apparently the lesson of Bull Run has been forgotten—namely, that a raw army may be good for defence, but is almost useless for attack. I remember a forecast of the present war which appeared—at a time when war did not seem imminent—in an American magazine. In this precious production, Havana was bombarded at once and General Miles landed a large force there. Then the whole Spanish fleet came to the rescue, and was destroyed after disabling a number of American ships. Then, however, the Rothschilds and the financial element intervened, and England and Germany allied together against the United States, and sent over three hundred thousand German troops in British vessels. But, while the vessels were crossing the Atlantic, an American army of three or four hundred thousand men was formed and made a dash on Montreal. Then, when the Germans arrived, the Americans held a position of forty miles of earthworks, up to which the Germans obligingly marched, and were shot down to the number of eighty thousand (oh! modern systems of attack, where were you?). Then France and Russia chipped in, the Germans had to come home, and Canada and Cuba were annexed to the United States. The forecast was an exceptionally poor one, even for that class of literature; but it showed the ideas prevalent among a certain class of the public as to the probable course of a war.

The political forecast was as hopelessly wrong as may be. England is a decidedly friendly neutral, and Germany is, perhaps, the least unfriendly of the Continental States. But if there had been a war between the United States and any Power with a ready navy—then something would have happened before Manila, and it would have happened at New York.

MARMITON.

THE RETURN OF MADAME CALVÉ.

So, after all this weary waiting, Calvé has come back to us again. The choice of opera for her first appearance was distinctly unfortunate, however, for, no matter how much the musician or the amateur cares about the music of Boito's "Mefistofele," the public does not like it; moreover, if the public does not like an opera, it will not come, even if a Calvé is there to charm its ears. In the first part of the work she was quite fascinating. Her Margherita was appealing, tender, and tragic, and she is unsurpassable in the prison scene. As Elena, in the second part, she was more Parisian than classic; but even here she had her own personality in revelation, and for that everything is to be forgiven. M. Bonnard was a decent Faust, and the work was played well throughout. But Calvé made her first real popular appearance in her famous interpretation of Carmen. Here she triumphed completely, and asserted her right with certitude and emphasis to be considered a supreme and consummate artist. Throughout the opera she was absolutely the living character, drifting into the tragedy of the end inevitably, surely, and yet with an overwhelming beauty of reluctance. She claimed almost arrogantly—such



THE WONDERFUL CALVÉ.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

was the justice of her claim—her place as one of the greatest operatic actresses of the time, if not, indeed, the greatest. M. Bonnard was useful as Don José, but M. Renaud's Escamillo was a trifle disappointing. The music was too low for him, and he had more condescension than gallantry in his interpretation. The opera, however, was a brilliant affair, and was in every way a most satisfactory success for Madame Calvé, who was called and recalled by an audience completely under the thrall of her magnetic charm.

It was delightful to find that Wednesday night's performance of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was the occasion of a crowded house to hear Madame Eames as the Countess, Madame Nordica as Susanna, Miss Zolie de Lussan as Cherubino, and M. Dufriehe (who "substituted" for M. Edouard de Reszke at practically a moment's notice) as the Count. So far as the singing was concerned, the thing was delightful. Madame Eames repeated very freshly indeed an old triumph in her part. She dressed to perfection, and showed us once more how deeply and beautifully she understands Mozart's music. Her singing of the "Dove sono" could not have been better. Madame Nordica's Susanna was most charming. She had life, spirit, fascination, and she sang most delightfully. Miss Zolie de Lussan was as good as ever as the page, and, really, M. Dufriehe did exceedingly well, under the circumstances, as the Count. When we leave these charming singers, however, the tale is a different one. Mr. Randegger was anything but satisfactory in the conductor's chair, and practically destroyed one's interest (in any acute degree, at all events) in the lovely orchestration. The opera, again, was staged badly; in a manner, as one critic has said, to make a Bavarian baker blush. It is a great pity, but this is the kind of measure which Mozart has too often, alas! had to endure in the past. The present week is dominated by the Wagnerians, who are revelling in the Cycle, to which detailed reference is made elsewhere in this issue.

"THE BEAUTY STONE," AT THE SAVOY.

The people gazed in amazement, almost terror. Laine was standing before them, but Laine without crutch or hump: Laine, radiant in beauty, though but a few hours before her name had been a by-word of the town of Miremont for ugliness. Now her beauty was so transcendent that no one pretended that the other competitors for the beauty prize could be fairly set against her. Philip, Lord of Miremont, gazed with his mouth as wide open as that of the humblest knave—such beauty had never before gladdened his beauty-seeking eyes—and Saïda, the Oriental who sat enthroned beside him, felt that the hour of her dethronement had come. So she rose from her seat haughtily, and declared that the transformation of Laine, the weaver's daughter, from a monster of ugliness to a miracle of beauty must be due to magic, and that the creature was accursed. The mob laid hands upon the girl. Simon and Joan, her parents, interfered vainly. Fortunately, Philip asserted his authority and saved Laine; for, said he, such beauty could not come from the Devil, but must be the gift of God. And so it befell that the beautiful girl was borne away in triumph to his castle.

Yet Philip was wrong, for the beauty of Laine had come from the Devil, who, when wandering about clothed as a holy friar and seeking means of mischief, had come to the house of Simon and overheard the prayer of the crippled, hunchbacked girl to the Virgin that, since love might not come to one so ill-favoured, impartial death might be sent in its stead. Now, the Devil knew that Laine really was in love with Philip, and that Philip was in love with pleasure and beauty, so in the condition of Laine he saw an opportunity for great comic mischief-making. He offered to the girl a stone which would give perfect beauty to anyone wearing it, but beauty absolutely conditional upon wearing it. No bargain was made such as he was wont to effect for men's souls, since experience had taught him that great beauty was sure to lead to great sin. For once the gloomy pessimist, who undoubtedly sees much of the seamy side of human nature, made a miscalculation. Laine, in gaining beauty, had not lost her sense of purity, and, when she learnt the nature of Philip's designs, she fled from the castle in horror and cast away the stone, content to be ugly, crippled, and hunchbacked, yet virtuous, rather than lovely and sinful.

The stone was picked up by Laine's father, Simon, who, transformed into a handsome youth, lost his love for his faithful wife, and conceived a wicked passion for Saïda, the somewhat *passée* Oriental beauty; she encouraged him, hoping to win from him the magic stone; she succeeded, and then cast him off. In the meantime, Philip had gone to the wars, after much persuasion by his friends; indeed, it was so difficult a task to induce the once famous warrior to abandon his life of easy, peaceful luxury that some of his friends despaired, and, probably, but for his disappointment concerning Laine he would have remained at home disgracefully. However, when he had put on his armour and taken up his sword, he behaved like a gallant warrior, and fought with splendid courage, so that victory was mainly due to him; but he had a heavy price to pay; seeing he lost his eyesight during the strife. Saïda and the Devil, who was acting as her counsellor, had not taken this question of eyesight into account, and when she presented herself, radiant in her new-found beauty, they were horribly disconcerted to find that Philip could not see her at all. Observers have told us that the loss of eyesight effects a prodigious change in men's character, and this was the case with Philip, whose true character succeeded in asserting itself when his eyes were no longer masters of his heart. He heard poor Laine singing a woeful ballad, which showed that her love for him had survived even the scorn put upon her, and then remorse, followed by a sentiment of true, pure love, stole into his middle-aged heart, and he sent for her. Saïda told him of her return to ugliness, but he proclaimed to the world that she remained in his heart as an image of beauty as well as of true and tender love, and he declared his intention of making her his bride; so the Devil slunk away disgusted, and goodness—or badness—knows what became of Saïda. It is to be hoped that such trifles as Laine's hump and crutch never caused Philip to forget that the image of her in his heart was truly beautiful.

This pretty love-story shows no little change in the traditions of the Savoy, hitherto famous for humour rather than romance. However, with Mr. Pinero as author, Mr. D'Oyly Carte may well be inclined to adopt a bold policy. The result is a work of no mean beauty, standing somewhere between comic and grand opera. No doubt, at first, one is a little disconcerted by the form of the piece, but in the end no audience could resist the poetic charm of the scheme contrived by Mr. Pinero and Mr. Comyns Carr. Sir Arthur Sullivan, one may guess, has written with enthusiasm, and his music, naturally of a more ambitious character than that which he has hitherto presented at the Savoy, has much that will give the keenest pleasure to the cognoscenti, as well as some numbers of a lighter character intended to please the less exacting. In order to secure an adequate performance of such a work, an extraordinary company has been gathered together, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether, as far as the ladies are concerned, such a group has ever been found in the house as Miss Pauline Joran, Miss Ruth Vincent, Miss Brandram, and Miss Emmie Owen, all of whom succeeded in giving very great pleasure to the audience. The men, perhaps, were somewhat less successful; their parts certainly were less advantageous. Mr. Walter Passmore, as the Devil, was not so successful as usual; Mr. Henry Lytton did the most meritorious work; while the new recruits, especially Mr. Devoll, the tenor (from America), fell short of the standard suggested by preliminary announcements.

E. F. S.

"THE AMBASSADOR," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

"Won't you give me a kiss, dear?" said Lady Gwen.

"I thought I did," replied Sir William, her *fiancé* of a moment, and then he gave her an arid peck on the cheek. Such was the main incident of a betrothal which at one time seemed most unlikely to happen. For Sir William Beauvedere had been in love—with himself—and, worse still for Gwen, engaged to Juliet Gainsborough; so the poor girl, who loved the prig, could not have any real hope of winning him. Juliet was granddaughter of a duke, yet almost a tocherless girl. Indeed, rumour said that so poor was the dual family that Juliet's eldest sister, being plain, was put into a convent in order that Juliet's little dowry might be doubled and her chance increased. How, then, was the engagement of Sir William and Juliet brought about? Not by love, certainly, since Juliet's heart was free and Sir William loved only himself; and not even by family influence, for the charming Lady Beauvedere, "Bill's" stepmother, was rather averse to the match. The fact is that nature had stolen a trick from art, and induced each to fancy the other in love, and, out of a sense of gratitude for love, to cultivate a feeling which rendered the idea of an engagement tolerable. However, whereas in the case of Benedick and Beatrice this belief in the love of the other one and gratitude for it brought about true love, in the case of Sir William and Juliet nothing of the sort happened, and, as the time for marriage approached, the idea of it grew horrible to Juliet, so at last she worked herself up to writing a letter to Bill breaking off the engagement.

Just after Juliet had written the letter, someone else appeared upon the scene. Lord St. Orbyn, otherwise Bertie, was Ambassador to Rome, and therefore not quite in his first flush of youth. He had seen no little of life, and took an easy view of it. "A little hunting, a little shooting, a little racing, a little losing, a little cursing, a little yawning, a little flirting, and a little repenting"—that was his sum of life. But, though he moralised so neatly about life, he had never lived, for he had never loved. In vain had the handsome Lady Beauvedere set her widow's cap at him—not really a cap, of course, for thirty-six-year-old leaders of Society do not wear caps. St. Orbyn set too high a value on his somewhat battered heart to exchange it for a second-hand article. The moment that St. Orbyn met Juliet, bang! they both fell into love-sickness of an intensity that would have thrilled the fascinating if over-Latined Democritus Junior, or rather, Robert Burton. A flash of lightning is hardly swifter than their love attack. So fierce and strong was it, that such an obstacle as Sir William would have been but a trifle, barely causing delay: a check came from his half-brother, Vivian, a mere momentary cheque. Viv. had been haunting the rooms of a Major Lascelles, a fascinating fellow, old friend of St. Orbyn and of Juliet, who allowed the lad to play cards with him and win at first, and—the rest may be guessed. In undue course Viv. did a little bit of forgery in order to pay his gambling debt, trusting that Sir William would help him, but Sir William refused. In despair, he told Juliet of his trouble, and she, thoughtless of herself, ran over late at night to the rooms of Lascelles, and got from him the forged cheque, but she met St. Orbyn when engaged on her mission. Loyalty to Vivian prevented her from telling the truth to her sweetheart. Did he believe in her under such compromising circumstances? Yes. The moment he discovered that no explanations were offered, no excuses made, and, in fact, that there were none of the common indicia of guilt, his love convinced him that everything was just as it should be. Fortunately, Vivian learnt how matters stood and told the truth to St. Orbyn.

One could hardly have a simpler love story than that which John Oliver Hobbes offers to our jaded palates in "The Ambassador." It is pleasant that one can add "or more fascinating." Critics may complain, may protest that there is lack of action, of substance; may call it a "vanille soufflé." What does all that matter, seeing that it is charming, that when it does not present delicate love-scenes, it offers passages of high-life comedy, brilliant with witty thoughts and phrases? There may be flaws, chiefly of giving overfull measure of excellent matter, but one could hardly expect a first work to be faultless, and the fault is on the right side. Indeed, one might eliminate judiciously clever phrases sufficient to stock another piece, and yet leave "The Ambassador" quite rich enough. The acting shows the St. James's at its best. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, hampered by a dreadful coryza, won chief honours by a superb performance as Lady Beauvedere, and much praise is due to Miss Granville, who represented admirably another competitor for the heart of St. Orbyn. Pleasing work was done by Miss Fay Davis as Juliet, and Miss Rivers acted very cleverly as Lady Gwen. Nor were the men less successful, for Mr. Alexander was at his best in the part of St. Orbyn, while Mr. H. V. Esmond played brilliantly as Vivian, and Mr. H. B. Irving with great ability in the part of Sir William.

E. F. S.

No importance can be attached to the new piece at the Garrick Theatre except as a means of introducing to London Miss Annie Russell, a very charming actress from the States. Apparently her true line is that of soubrette, in which her personal charm, her technical skill, her suggestion of life and brightness, will certainly render her a very valuable performer. She was so far affected by nervousness that it was difficult to form a clear idea as to her ability; but, from her work in the kaleidoscopic piece, in which she smokes, drinks, gambles, swears, and dances, in order to convince her sweetheart that it is not very difficult to be wicked, one can easily see that she is really capable of work high in quality.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, June 8, 9.11; Thursday, 9.12; Friday, 9.13; Saturday, 9.13; Sunday, 9.14; Monday, 9.15; Tuesday, 9.16.

Will my correspondents kindly bear in mind that no attention can be paid to communications which do not bear both the *name* and the *address* of the sender?

For several weeks I have been making inquiries concerning certain serious cycling accidents which have occurred lately, some in the provinces, the majority in London. I find that two accidents were brought about owing to one of the handles suddenly becoming detached from the handle-bar. Upon three occasions, riders ran into hansoms turning suddenly. Twice a tyre came off. Upon one occasion a machine broke in two while the rider was coasting down a steep incline. Four different cyclists, ladies all of them, lost control of their machines, and then of their senses, and finally almost lost their lives as well. One handle-pillar came out of its socket. One saddle suddenly assumed a perpendicular position, and so dropped the rider backwards into the street. One foot-rest slipped down the fork, and, coming in contact with the spokes of the front wheel, upset the machine. One brake failed to act, and the rider was dashed into a thorn hedge. The rest of the catastrophes appear to have been caused by side-slip.

According to the above list, therefore, nearly all accidents are brought about through the rider's negligence. The handle-pillar of a properly overhauled machine would not come out of its socket, neither would the saddle tip up, neither would a foot-rest change its position, neither would the brake fail to act. Of course, a tyre has no business to come off. The maker is to blame for that. Also, the handles should not become detached, but an accident need never occur through their doing so if the rider will but acquire the habit of placing his hands on the bar itself, just beyond the handles.

The rider, however, is more or less to blame if his machine breaks asunder, for such a calamity will happen only to the very worst-made of bicycles, unless, indeed, the machine has previously been badly damaged. Side-slip may occur to the best rider in the world when the roads are greasy, and this is *par excellence* the bugbear to be guarded against. Naturally, nobody should ever lose control of his machine, but, once control of it has been lost, the rider should strive to keep calm, retain his presence of mind, and, if he be coasting, gradually to grip the tyre tightly between his heels. By this means he will be able to lessen the speed considerably, and often end by bringing the machine almost to a standstill.

The present state of depression in the cycle market is the inevitable result of over-boomed speculations and of the over-capitalisation of certain companies. At about this time last year the rush for shares in any way connected with cycle companies, tyre companies, and even cycle-saddle companies, was enormous. A few of the fortunate speculators who got in, as Americans have it, "on the ground-floor," scored heavily. The rest are still bemoaning their impetuosity, their recklessness, and, most of all, their vanished capital.

Machines of a light-grey colour are gradually becoming popular, chiefly because they show mud and dust and dirt so much less than the

black bicycle does, and therefore need cleaning less often. The man who first places upon the market a puddle-coloured bicycle is likely to make money, for most of us have endeavoured at one time or another to clean a muddy machine, though comparatively few of us have undertaken the task a second time.

Cycling across Salisbury Plain last week, I came suddenly upon a very rare specimen of the cycling crank. I say "very rare" advisedly, for seldom indeed is so perfect a specimen to be met with in these isles, though in America I have come across types still more interesting. His machine, it seemed, had broken down, and in the middle of a blinding hailstorm we two enthusiasts exchanged remarks and ideas concerning our respective mounts. For at a glance I had recognised him to be not only a fellow cycling crank, but a crank very severely afflicted indeed. Nearly every device and apparatus invented for the benefit and discomfiture of the touring cyclist appeared to be fitted to his machine.

He had an English cyclometer on his front wheel, and an American one behind. He had also a speed-indicator and a wind-gauge. Then he had a watch and a barometer on his handle-bar, and in his pocket a thermometer wherewith to ascertain his own temperature. He had a luggage-carrier fixed above the hind wheel, and one fitting the frame, and in front of the handle-bar was a leathern case containing an assortment of excellent liqueurs, which, in spite of wind and weather, we succeeded in sampling. Of course, he had an electric lamp and a pneumatic brake, and I noticed also a brake of novel design arranged so as to act upon the front wheel. His tyres, he told me, were self-sealers; nevertheless, he produced from his capacious pouch an elaborate outfit for repairing punctures, also half-a-dozen spare spokes, also spare nuts and bolts and odds and ends, also a tiny medicine-chest. As for his tyre-inflator, it was a perfect work of art, and so was the spring arrangement of his saddle, which resembled the complicated spring mechanism of the chariot used in Paris for conveying to the Dépôt the unexploded bombs flung about by Anarchists. He seemed as amused as I was at the appearance of his machine, and promised, when next in town, to



READY FOR A RUN.

Photo by Madame Lallie Garet-Charles, Regent's Park, N.W.

bring it to *The Sketch* Office for the edification and delectation of the staff. I doubt, however, whether a cycle as startling in appearance would be allowed to proceed down the Strand.

I hear that the culotte, worn quite tight-fitting and made like riding-breeches, is now worn in certain parts of Paris—shall we say the Quartier Latin? No doubt the reason for the culotte being so much worn in Paris is that ladies there seldom use the drop-frame machine, and, consequently, something approaching male costume is a necessity. An English friend of mine went to Paris recently, leaving her bicycle in London in order to avoid the irritating formalities of the Custom House. On her going to the Magasin to hire one, she was told they had none in stock, and it might take some time to procure one, as ladies' machines were seldom used in Paris. I think, and hope, it will be long before the French fashion in bicycle-costume gains much footing here.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Some consternation was caused in Society by a silly rumour that there would be no State Procession at Ascot this year, but there was no foundation for the statement; as a matter of fact, there will be more members of the royal family than usual at the meeting, and the gathering will be one of the showiest seen in recent years. All the swagger houses in the neighbourhood have been taken, and the traffic from London each day will, without a doubt, be well up to the average. All the tickets for the Royal Enclosure have been allotted, and I fancy the task of the Master of the Buckhounds in this particular has been more difficult than usual this year. But the Earl of Coventry has had plenty of experience at the business, and can be relied upon to make some happy choices.

The Coventry Stakes on the opening day at Ascot should, I think, be won by Black Wing, who is said to be one of Captain Machell's really good things. The colt is by Gallinule out of Black Witch, and he ran

heard of a clergyman dabbling in racecourse shares. It is almost as funny as Tom Cannon's purchase of the advowson to a living in the vicinity of Four Oaks. I know of a case where a clergyman holds a number of shares in a theatre, and I know several reverend gentlemen who are fond of brewery shares as an investment. It may be that racecourse shares will in time be sought after by many who now invest in industrial securities.

Complaints are frequently heard of the overcrowding of trains going to and from the suburban race-meetings, and it is a pity that the South-Western Company does not adopt the plan in vogue at Liverpool for the Grand National. I refer to the barrier system, under which just sufficient people are allowed on any one platform to fill a train, the different classes, first and third, being separated by a barrier. By this means trains can be loaded in two minutes, without the least discomfort to anyone travelling, and, further, the people who have paid for a first-class ticket are guaranteed a first-class seat. I am surprised that Sir Charles Scotter did not adopt this plan when he came south.



THE STOCKPORT LACROSSE CLUB.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, CRYSTAL PALACE.

like a racehorse at Gatwick. Of course, there may be a dark one good enough to beat him, but I doubt it. I am glad to note that a good acceptance has been received for the Ascot Stakes, and I hope owners with horses left in will not hesitate to run them, as this is, in my opinion, the most interesting event of the meeting. Comfrey looked hard and well at Kempton, and I think he will run a great horse if sent to the post. Cartouche III. is expected to go close, but the chief danger will come from the best of Waugh's pair, The Rush and Piety, and I fancy the first-named of the two will very nearly win.

The settling at the clubs during the last fortnight has been most unsatisfactory, owing to the plungers trying to get back their Epsom losses. I am told of one big backer who lost nearly £30,000 at Epsom, and another was the wrong side to the tune of £10,000. Of course, on paper the bookmakers have had the best of the deal of late; but on paper only, for their outstanding accounts total up to many thousands of pounds, and they may not be worth as many shillings. One big layer asserts that he has had £150,000 in bad debts accumulate on his books during the last dozen years, and there is very little chance of his receiving any of this sum. True, some of those gentlemen who leave the Turf and afterwards decide to return have to pay up, but many give up the game after losing heavily.

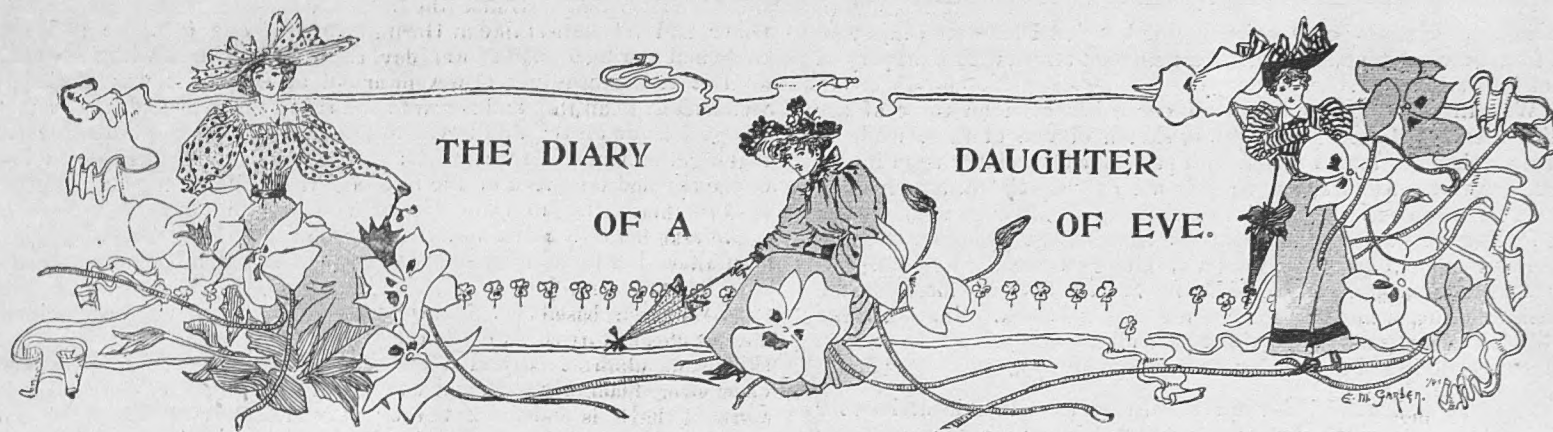
Shares in racecourses are just now in great demand, but, tell it not in Gath, a recent purchaser of a little parcel in one of the suburban meetings is, I am told, a Church dignitary. We have had parsons owning horses and winning the St. Leger with them, but I have never before

Truly *The Sketch* doth give us good advertisement. I casually mentioned in these columns the other day that some publishers had requested me to write a book on sport, and now I am daily receiving offers from all sorts and conditions of men who volunteer to do the work for me. I thank the gentlemen for their kind offers, but I cannot accept them, and, what is more, I really have not time to answer private correspondents.

CAPTAIN COE.

LACROSSE.

The game of lacrosse in England is confined chiefly to the counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire in the North, and Middlesex in the South, the first three named being governed by the North of England Lacrosse Association, and the last by the South of England Association. The Stockport team have, for three times in succession, won the North of England Challenge Flag, and are entitled to keep it. They are also at the head of the Northern League, in which there are some thirty clubs, and have lost only one match in two seasons. Of the Southern clubs, Surbiton headed the list this year by winning the South of England Flag Competition, and consequently had to meet Stockport in the English Championship on April 23 last, at the Crystal Palace, when Stockport ran out the winners by eleven goals to one. This is the second time running the Stockport team have won the English Cup. Much praise is due to their president, Mr. C. L. Mason (who, by the way, has six sons in the team), for the keen interest he has taken in the welfare of the club, and also to Mr. F. W. Staveacre, their field-captain.



Monday.—Such a merry letter I have had from a friend in Paris, so full of dressy information I feel it my duty to give it to the world of women—

“DEAR WOMAN,—The spirit moves me, and I do write to you. I feel you would like to know all there is to know in the world of Dress, even though, of course, I am well aware that you think you realise the

and a delightful combination of salmon-pink and pale yellow in the sash. The chief charms of this cape lie in its shape. It only begins on the shoulders, where it is held on the one side by a tremendous pink satin chou and on the other by a jewel.

“All the best hats over here are of black and white—fine white straw, with little tucks of black upon it—and these are trimmed with white



TWO NEW WALKING-DRESSES.

best possibilities of this in London. Oh, Paris is looking lovely just now: the green of the Bois, and the flowers at the corners of the streets, and the gaiety in the air, and the races on Sundays, and the general joyousness of it all, are quite delightful, and most delightful are the frocks. I do not know where to begin when I tell you of these.

“One of the newest novelties is the painted mousseline-de-soie which Beer introduced. Réjane has a gown of this in “Zaza,” with a cape of white mousseline with no end of pleated flounces under a flounce of lace,

feathers with black chenille spots, and a chou or two of coloured velvet. The very newest fancy in millinery is horsehair, elaborately ruched and frilled either with soft straw or with chiffon. It is very fine and very light, and sometimes draped with craquelé tulle. There is a new sort of Panama with satin stripes, which looks well in écarle with no trimming whatever save a huge bow of tiny straws sewn together at one side in white, and at the other side the same arrangement in yellow, the two bows being joined together in the front with a chou of Liberty plush.

On thinking the matter over seriously, the best hat I have seen this year is of forget-me-not blue lined with Parma-violet straw, with a drapery of silk of the two colours.

"We patronise the flounce on all our skirts, even on those of our bathing-dresses. I send you a pretty sketch of one of these made of serge, in a shade of Parma violet, with pale-blue embroidery upon it, and a pale-blue vest. The flounces on this are only simulated, but on some of them the tunic will show the two shaped frills like we wear on our skirts. You must admit that among the many things you do not know in England is how to make or wear a bathing-costume.

"We are wearing a little foulard over here, but for the most part we patronise muslin or fine batiste in white and in black. Indeed, white and black and blue and Parma violet have all my best affections, except, of course, what I send to you, for I am, Yours always, "F."

Tuesday.—A beautiful day and a telegram from Florrie arrived for me at the same moment. Lazy person that I am, I never opened my eyes till nine o'clock this morning, and then it was only Florrie's message



[Copyright.]

A BATHING-COSTUME.

that disturbed me. I forgave her, however, for it suggested a day on the river, the first of such joys for me this Season. Directly I arrived at Paddington, I discovered, of course, that Florrie's sole object in inviting me was that I should admire her new tea-basket from Mappin and Webb's, this being a lunch- and tea-basket combined. She was desperately disappointed when I told her that I had met it at 158, Oxford Street, last week, where I had also interviewed Mappin and Webb's new pattern in silver and Prince's plate, absolutely plain of detail, with a pointed and scalloped edge. Florrie tossed her head, and said, "Virginia thinks she knows everything!" I murmured, "I will not be thus confounded with Julia," and proceeded amiably to tell her of some lovely glass I had seen at Mappin and Webb's, the thought of which was enough to make any woman amiable. This was cut, of emerald or amethyst tone, and made into the loveliest old jugs, with silver rims. Furthermore, I descanted to her on the charms of their newest disappearing table, fitted with temptations alike for the drinker and the abstainer; and I insisted that, when she took up her final residence in Goring, she should supply herself with one of their compendiums of games, this including cards and markers and counters for bezique and

poker and picquet. Under the influence of one of these and four congenial spirits, a wet day at Goring might be endured with fortitude.

But to-day was not a wet day, and at Goring it was gloriously, wonderfully beautiful, and we went and sat in the punt and let our male companions do all the work, even to the extent of boiling the kettle and making the tea, while we lazed and gossiped and mentioned the blue of the sky and the green of the trees and the white of the may-blossom, as if they were the latest novelties of the fashionable season.

Are there any latest novelties, I wonder? I promised Florrie I would take her to John Simmons' to-morrow to buy a new dress, then I shall know.

Thursday.—I kept my promise, and went to 35, Haymarket, to choose Florrie a gown, based on the latest French intelligence. It is to have a skirt of checked tweed and a plain cloth coat. Simmons' make plain cloth coats admirably well, and we chose a lovely shade of dark red to be worn over black-and-white tweed; it will look delightful—the only regret I have is that I permitted Florrie to purchase it instead of choosing it for myself. I was always most unselfish. Of the many other charming dresses we saw there was one of pervenche voile, with the bodice draped with a fichu bordered with a deep silken fringe, and the skirt, which was an inch or two on the ground all round, had a graduated frill from the waist, also edged with fringe. A beautiful frock it was; and another, no less worthy of my best affections, had a skirt of white serge, and a smart, well-stitched jacket of Parma-violet cloth—this was a novelty indeed, the direct contrast of the two garments. I recollect, years ago, we used to wear jacket bodices of totally different colours from the skirts they accompanied, and this is one of the revivals which shall be of the fittest. (Note.—No intention whatever to make a pun on the works of Simmons' tailor, who is long-suffering and most clever.)

This afternoon, Julia having suddenly conceived a passion for the country, drove me down to Richmond, and felt that she had reached it. The only spot which excited in me the least desire to get out and walk was Barnes Common, which was crowded by enthusiastic young persons dancing jigs; their taste in millinery was very primitive, and their activity only ceased for a moment to watch an ideal couple with their arms round each other's waists being photographed under a may-tree. How lovely the may-trees look! But the pink are all white this year.

It was very pleasant down in the garden of the hotel, but I wonder why the authorities do not whitewash the ceilings and re-carpet the floors, and give the place an air of comfort and elegance; the view is very beautiful, but why should our eye for beauty be satisfied merely by looking out of the window?

To-night we went to the Savoy Theatre, an evening to me of absolute delight. It is strange to meet real, pulsating, moving, natural drama in a musical setting, and the play is so beautiful, pictorially too, I am going again. But not with Julia, who, appearing to be possessed by the idea that every opera not labelled "grand opera" must be comic, irritated me the whole evening by expecting someone or something to be funny. Julia intellectually is very narrow, and she would never suspect it were it not for this diary.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

BURAH-MEM (Bengal).—According to the present fashion, the best thing to cover that is an entire lace dress. You can get such skirts ready-made in white or cream, and the bodice-pieces are supplied to match. Any of the shops keep these lace over-dresses, Lewis and Allenby of Conduit Street, for instance. Choose a cream tinge rather than a white. Those stock ties which tie are not cut on the cross. They are made of a tight collar-band with two ends attached, these passing through a buttonhole to tie in the front. You had better have one for a pattern, and copy it. Muslin and lace ties are worn with many frillings, but tulle is not much worn now, and I quite agree with you that it would be useless to you. The glacé ribbon is about four inches wide. Command my services always—I am under the impression that some few years ago I had a letter from you, which I answered.

HELEN.—Send a description of that hat to Lewis and Allenby, Conduit Street, and also of the spotted trimming. I am sure you will get it there; the millinery is excellent, and if they have not got it in stock they will easily procure it for you.

No. 4.—You can get white lisse, with raised black velvet spots upon it, in London, and this would make the best drapery for a hat. I am a little tired of cherries, and would sooner choose jet-spangled white wings. The best tone for the cloth is pavement-grey. Have the facings also of cloth, and the soft front of spotted net, trimmed with little rows of white silk baby-ribbon. A bow at the neck is indispensable.

GERDON.—At the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street, you can get those clear combs with diamond garlands on the edges. I do like them immensely; they give an excellent finish to the hair at the back, which always looks vacant at the base of the coil if nothing is put there. There are some very pretty diamond slides, too, for catching up the few short hairs at the base of the neck. These may also be obtained from the Parisian Diamond Company. For the front have white chiffon with designs of black lace. The low bodice could have a short fichu of chiffon, and then you might sew your lace on to this; it would show it off better than if plainly gathered round the shoulders. La France roses are always becoming, and they look well tied with a bow of black velvet ribbon.

VIRGINIA.

The London and North-Western Company announce the running of six, nine, thirteen, or sixteen days' excursions from London to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Builth, Dolgelly, Llandrindod, Llangammarch, Llanwrtyd, Oswestry, Pwllheli, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Shrewsbury, Wrexham, Abergyle, Bangor, Bettwsycoed, Birkenhead, Chester, Conway, Holyhead, Llandudno, Rhyl, Ruthin, and other Welsh stations, also to Blackpool, Lancaster, Morecambe, Southport, Windermere, the English Lake District and Furness Line stations, Liverpool and Douglas (Isle of Man) every Wednesday until further notice. Full particulars can be obtained at the company's stations and town offices.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 27.

MONEY.

It is very difficult to know what to make of the Money Market just now. Is the improvement in the Bank of England figures a transitory feature or an indication of a permanent tendency? Did the Directors lower the Bank Rate merely to keep in touch with the open market, or because they thought they saw the storm-signals hauled down? Who can tell, when we have politicians of the front rank breathing out threatening and slaughter, and financiers in the front rank giving them the lie by a tacit expression of confidence that there is nothing to worry about? We incline to the view of the financiers. With the Bank of England Reserve standing at 48½ per cent. of the current liabilities, it would, indeed, have seemed a menace to leave the Rate unchanged. Everybody expected the reduction—a fact which strengthens this opinion. We have no reason to take steps to bring gold, or even to keep what we have. On the contrary, it is flowing in with wonderful rapidity. Let us look at the results for the past few weeks—

Week to		Incomings.		Withdrawals.
May 4	...	£2,120,000	...	£7,000
" 11	...	1,081,000	...	5,000
" 18	...	1,394,000	...	10,000
" 25	...	1,056,000	...	Nil.
June 2	...	411,000	...	10,000

In the face of those figures, who could possibly anticipate anything but a reduction of the Bank Rate? It is all very well to have the gold coming in at that rate, but the question has to be considered whether the Bank of England is to be so freely utilised as a dumping-ground even for such a precious metal.

BANK SHARES.

We are rather surprised that there should be so little activity in Bank shares, especially as we are coming very near the time of the dividend announcements. These ought to be good, relatively speaking, and that is the prevailing opinion in banking circles. Bankers have had a good spell of fair rates for money, as compared with recent times, and there should, at the very least, be no reduction in the general average of dividends, though possibly some of the Boards of Directors may deem it prudent to carry forward enhanced balances rather than augment the distribution. But the market remains perfectly indifferent, and there is no business worth speaking of. The announcements will be particularly interesting this time in view of the advantage or otherwise to Bank shareholders from the outbreak of suburban developments, which has been the chief, almost the only, feature in the banking world during the past year or so.

BRAZILIANS.

What is creating all this demand for Brazilian bonds? It is quite the feature of the market. Of course, ostensibly, it is due to the rise in the exchange rate, which has also had a favourable effect on the shares of the London and Brazilian Bank. But we fail to get any intelligent or intelligible exposition of why that rate should be rising just at present. We can remember the time, not so many years ago, when the Brazilian milreis stood at its par value of 2s. 3d., and now enthusiasm is supposed to be created because it has reached the giddy height of something over sevenpence! But is that enthusiasm genuine? We have seen things of the kind occur as a preface to some financial operation. Can there be anything of this kind in the air? We should very much like to know.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

The following letter (which is intended to be one of a series) has been written by a broker who has for some years had the honour of the *entrée* to the Stock Exchange, and who is, therefore, able to write from observation, and not from hearsay, of what passes within the sacred precincts of the House, whose doors are so jealously guarded that not even the City Editor of *Sketch* is able to enter. We prefer news at first hand when we can get it, and we trust our readers will also appreciate the advantage of learning what is taking place from the pen of a gentleman who is contributing to our columns under the *nom-de-guerre* of "The House Haunter."

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Why on earth did they not make it so the week before?" was the comment of the House when the 3 per cent. Bank Rate was announced. A few investment stocks flapped lazily upwards, but it takes more than a lower Bank Rate to make things soar in these listless, pre-holiday days, when the only real excitement in the markets is reserved for Grand Trunks. Consols were naturally the first to feel the relief of easier money, and, looking cheap upon deduction of the ½ dividend, have rallied, being assisted therein by the closing of a few "bear" commitments which were open as a hedge against a possible Yankee slump. Cheaper money and the bears are, in fact, the two most steadying influences in the House at present.

At every rumour of a reverse to the Spanish arms, the 4 per cent. bonds unpatriotically rise, dealers arguing that anything which tends to a termination of the strife can only be regarded as a "bull" point. At 35 Spanish look a risky speculation either way, insolvency deterring purchasers, and Paris being a specially *bête noire* to the bear brigade. The Italian troubles have been allowed to drop out of mind, and at 92 Italian Fives look more cheerful. Interest in the Foreign department, however, has been centred round Brazilian stocks, the smart rise in the exchange and the funding arrangement both materially assisting a market anxious to be a "bull" of something. The funding scheme provides for the interest to be paid in 5 per cent. bonds during a period of three years. If it be true that the price of the latter is to be syndically maintained at 80, Brazil Fours at 54 will return barely 6 per cent. to a speculative investor.

Of course, the 5 per cents may go over 80, but the security is hardly gilt-edged, even for a South American State.

Home Rails have had a lot to talk about, but the usual amount of nothing to do. The supposed acquisition of the Bluecoat School in Newgate Street by the Midland Railway, for use as a City terminus, is viewed with marked coldness. It means a huge outlay for a somewhat problematical gain. Great West's cannot get over the issue of new Ordinary stock, which came as a bolt from the Paddington blue at a time when the Welsh coal strike was weighing upon the minds of the "Heavy" Market. The Ordinary stock at 164½ is *ex* the new issue, which is quoted at 5 to 5½ premium. Metropolitans are waking up as the time draws near when the Great Central shall come to London; rumours are afloat that the new-comer has been coquetting with the Great Western Company instead of remaining true to the Underground line. Districts have long been a "House" tip, and at 29 are exuberant at the expectation of obtaining some fresh air when the electric traction scheme comes into working. Great Northern issues have been favourably affected by the advent of a new feeder to their line in the shape of the Great Northern and City Railway Company, which is floated, with a capital of £1,560,000, to tap the densely populated three miles that separate Finsbury Park from Moorgate Street.

The favourite game in the Yankee Market at present is discounting peace—a form of recreation which, applied to Milwaukeees, sent the price waltzing up at one time to 105 buyers. Louisville, at the time of writing, are 57½, and the quotation is being talked much higher when war shall cease, people forgetting that the glowing traffic increases of the last few weeks are caused mainly by the passage of American troops to the South. The American Government will, no doubt, look after itself as regards rates for taking a quantity. Once more some of the American Railroad Preferences are being trotted out, and for Erie, Union, and Denver Preferences a fair demand from the other side has been experienced. The effects of an outbreak of war were largely over-discounted in the American Market; peace-discounting may also go too far.

Grand Trunks have proved too much for the more excitable dealers in the House, and representatives from the Kaffir Market have poured into it this week in such numbers that the adjacent market in Great Easterns seemed likely to have been lost to sight. The traffic increase of £710 was at least fifteen times less than was expected, but, after a sharp fall, an equally sharp rally took the various kinds of Trunks well up again. The 4 per cent. Guaranteed stock at 79 looks cheap when it is remembered that the First Preference dividend has been earned, and to say nothing of something due on the second also.

The Lipton special settlement was got through with little difficulty and an endless number of five shares. At the meeting last Thursday, Sir Thomas referred in cautious language to the new wine and spirit department, and the shareholders applauded enthusiastically when he said that the business of the company since its flotation showed a large and steady improvement. The shares fell a thirty-second, to 2¼ sellers, on the meeting. Anglo-American Telegraph have sympathised with the rise in Americans, and are being talked to 25. Beyond these two, there has been little doing in the Miscellaneous section, Welsbach Ordinary providing some little diversion by flaring up to 113. Mr. Baker's views on the company have once more formed a feature of the market, greatly to the delight of his sympathising friends.

Kaffirs still slumber uneasily, having to keep one eye constantly upon their faithful guardian, Oom Paul. Rhodesians are a dead letter. The African market is, however, being gradually placed upon a higher standing, at a cost to the Stock Exchange Managers of £5000 for oak and teak planks, and it is hoped that the rise will not stop with the floor. The Rand mining companies are reported to have been visited by a much-needed downpour of rain, and the news had a sunny effect for a time upon prices, leaving them higher. The West Australian Market Trust meeting was principally remarkable as showing the boundless confidence that some people repose in Mr. Bottomley, and the shares crawled up threepence, to 2s. bid. West Australians generally are more confident, and appear to be on the look-out for a friendly lead to start a rise. Among Miscellaneous Mines, Mount Lyells have been good on the 4s. dividend and a scrip bonus which is equal to about another 8s. per share. Indian Mines are featureless, with the exception of Mysore, which have risen to 5½ upon a crushing of nearly 18,000 ounces. Mining shares in all departments are out of favour: out of favour with the Stock Exchange, the public, and, last but not least,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HOME RAILS.

On dividend expectations, Home Rails are keeping wonderfully firm, but we are just a little sceptical as to whether these expectations will be realised. There is plenty of margin to play with in the shape of *gross* traffic increases; but how will this be made to show in the way of net profit? Some of the most striking instances are given below—

	GROSS INCREASE.
Great Eastern	£59,233
Great Northern	70,367
Lancashire and Yorkshire	76,358
London, Brighton, and South Coast	45,491
London and North-Western	143,826
London and South-Western	54,545
Midland	87,870
North-Eastern	66,624
South-Eastern	48,830

These are substantial sums, but the question of the greatest interest is, dare the administrators of these great companies, acting for the best interests of the shareholders, use these increases liberally? We are doubtful. They are afraid to do so, lest avowed prosperity is made use of as a handle to check it. But it will be obviously absurd if the railway companies cannot make something out of these great increases. Even assuming our theory to be admitted as correct, such enormous increases of traffic, even in a complete half-year, could not be attained—save under very exceptional circumstances—without the shareholders getting something out of them. There has been nothing special to increase working expenses; and so the outlook appears to warrant the optimism which the market rather mildly expresses.

AMERICAN RAILS.

What a very curious point it has been, during the past few days, that there should have been so much buying from Wall Street of American Railroad bonds! Shares the Wall Street people do not seem to want particularly, but they are eager buyers of bonds. Is there a moral to be drawn from this? We fancy there is. The sorts of bonds in the greatest demand are those whose principal and interest are payable in gold; consequently, these purchases will create a beautifully effective means of getting gold as required from the London Money Market. There will

be exchange to sell, and manœuvres of the kind are not unfamiliar to us in Transatlantic affairs. It is a very significant element in the situation that nobody cares much about American Railroad shares. But in America, as elsewhere, there seems to exist an overpowering desire to get, by hook or crook, the right to draw gold from London.

HUMOURS OF THE MARKET TRUST MEETING.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley is a great manipulator of men! He would be invaluable as a Whip to either party in the House of Commons; indeed, after the latest exhibition of his skill, we wonder that the Government have not made overtures to secure his services by arranging for the safe seat lately held by Mr. Abel Smith to be placed at his disposal! To manage and to wreck a big concern like the West Australian Market Trust within twelve months of its inception, to preside over a meeting of shareholders who have lost their money, and to get a vote of thanks amid chanting of "For he is a jolly good fellow," are triumphs of which any man might well be proud; but, after all, the really humorous parts of the whole affair were the speeches of various shareholders, who, unaccustomed to the importance which was thrust upon them, insisted on saying those things which, as Mr. *Punch* puts it, had better have been left unsaid.

Mr. Boyle, in his artless way, described without a blush the manner in which he had got himself elected to the committee as the self-chosen representative of the small shareholders, and (not intending to poke fun at his fellow-sufferers) exhorted them to have confidence in the directors by holding out hopes that, if their faith was only as great as his own, the prosperity of the concern in the future *might equal that of the past!* Happy Mr. Boyle! We doubt not that his faith will be justified by the result.

Dr. Alexander, who, like Balaam, came to curse and ended by blessing, spoke the truest words that were uttered at the meeting when in winding up his oration he asserted that the chief asset the Market Trust possessed was Mr. Bottomley himself. The Eureka may be a fine property, the Howley may be the greatest gold-mine in the world; but, after all, as an asset and as a dividend-payer, we agree with the worthy Doctor that Mr. Bottomley is better than either!

As we always expected, the reconstruction scheme will go through; the happy creditors will pocket their 12s. in the pound of cash and dribble out their eight shillings' worth of shares as and when they can find buyers; while the wise shareholders will pay up, smile, and find some fool to purchase their holding at the best possible price that can be obtained above the assessment. If three or four shillings over and above the liability can be got, our advice is to take it.

A CHEAP ARGENTINE BOND.

The 5 per cent. bonds of the Argentine Northern Central Railway appear at the present price unaccountably cheap, at 69 or thereabouts, when compared with the price of other securities of the republic, especially as the present quotation includes a 30s. coupon payable on July 1 next. These bonds are a direct liability of the Government, and, in addition, a first mortgage on the railway. In January 1899 payment of the coupons in full will be resumed, and, in the general improvement of Argentine credit which is taking place, a steady upward movement in the price of these bonds may be expected.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST.

We congratulate the shareholders of the Industrial and General Trust—whose Unified Stock we have often recommended—on the result of the extraordinary meeting. Only those who know the inner working of the Trust can fully appreciate what a serious matter it would have been if Mr. G. A. Touch had entirely severed his connection with the company, and the arrangement under which the late manager joins the Board is certainly for the benefit of the shareholders. The Chairman has no doubt done a good deal to improve the Trust's position, but the vast improvement of the last three years, both in the list of investments and in the general standing of the institution, is due to Mr. G. A. Touch more than to any other single man.

If the shareholders have done well in the arrangements with regard to the Board, they are to be still further congratulated on the withdrawal of the proposal to discontinue the publication of the list of investments. Mr. Pawle trotted out all the old and exploded arguments in favour of the system of secrecy, which in the past very nearly wrecked the Trust, and which would, had they prevailed, have seriously depreciated the value of its Unified Stock, but the Chairman (who knows exactly how far it is wise to go) withdrew the proposal, which, although nominally coming from the other side of the table, in reality, of course, originated with the Board, or at least part of it.

The publication of the list of investments, and, even more, the knowledge that at the end of each financial year it will have to be published, is just one of those salutary checks on any Board of Directors which, while it may sometimes stand in the way of a piece of successful speculation, is, in our opinion, most valuable to the continued prosperity of the Trust. To offer the unsophisticated country shareholder leave to inspect the list, but to forbid him to take any copy or extract—in other words, to forbid him to consult his broker or any expert upon it—would have been a farce, and such a ludicrous farce that in a year or two the privilege could safely have been withdrawn and the complete secrecy of the old days restored. The publication of the list, the opportunity thus given for public criticism, and the chance which investors obtain of estimating the value of the stock of the Trust

before buying, is, in our opinion, vital not only to the prosperity of the institution, but even more to the free market in its securities. We are sure the withdrawal of the obnoxious proposal was a wise and prudent thing, whether it was caused by the arguments adduced by its opponents or, as some people roundly assert, by want of unanimity in its favour on the Directors' side of the table.

ISSUES.

The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited.—As we stated last week, this company is appealing to the public for an issue of 5 per cent. Preference shares. The total capital is £600,000, of which one-half, in the shape of £5 Preference shares, is offered for public subscription, and the remaining half, as £1 Ordinary shares, is taken by the vendors. The prospectus appears to us very satisfactory, and the auditors' certificate, signed by Price, Waterhouse, and Co. (in itself a guarantee of good faith), is a model of what such a document should be. The profits have been steadily progressive for five years, and the annual amounts are set out without any lumping of years or averaging. Those of our readers who secure an allotment will be lucky and are sure to see a reasonable premium on their investment.

The Convamore-Glenlivet and Scapa Distilleries, Limited, are offering 7500 5 per cent. Preference shares of £10 each and 6000 Ordinary shares of the same face value for subscription. All the world and his wife knows that Allsopp's are going into the whisky trade for the purpose of supplying their tied houses, and, as one of the directors of the big brewery is found on this Board, we presume the two concerns may be expected to work in harmony. The property to be acquired appears to be suitable for the purposes of the company. The Board is certainly a strong one, and the auditors' certificate appears to be satisfactory. In our opinion, the investment is a promising one, and both the Preference and Ordinary shares can be considered a substantial investment.

Saturday, June 4, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

E. G. G.—We are amused at your remarks upon Mr. Raymond Radclyffe's article in our issue of May 25. You are the sort of silly person who buys Northern Terrors or any other rubbish that is puffed. The permanent riches of the Golden Horseshoe have yet to be proved by results.

A. A. (Canada).—We have passed your letter on to the Editor. The photos have nothing to do with financial matters.

MAORI.—We do not think much of the prospects of this concern, but there are good people connected with it. If the shares were our own, we should get out, even at a loss, but very likely we may be wrong.

DISGUSTED.—We should sell and get out of the concern; it is one in which we have not and never had any faith.

T. E.—We should hold No. 1, which is one of those pockety mines that, as about two years ago, might stumble on heavy gold at any moment; but, of course, it is a pure gamble. As to Nos. 2 and 3, both of them have chances of success, and, if you can afford to risk the loss, hold on. We do not, at the moment, expect either to rise much, and, if you desire safety, clear out.

S. B.—We should think the dividend ought to be maintained, but the question of a substantial rise depends on cheap money, no war scares, and many things. We should hold.

W. F. G. C. (Ceylon).—We wrote to you fully on the 1st inst.

ROMA.—Most of the mines mentioned by you have a chance of improvement, but we do not imagine any of them are likely to make your fortune at present prices. The best of them, like Sons of Gwalia, Queensland Menzies, and Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand, seem high enough. We think Norfolk and Western Common Stock not a bad purchase for a lock-up; only, take a reasonable profit as soon as you can get it.

PIPS.—Certainly pay the call; in the first place you cannot help yourself, and, in the second place, the thing is a genuine concern.

LUTA.—We think the simplest and most satisfactory course for you will be to write the whole thing off as a bad debt, for that is what it will end in. If you can find a buyer, sell out.

H. H. B.—As soon as the Baltimore and Ohio Railway affairs are settled, the interest on their bonds will be paid. We should hold, as there is every prospect of the receivership being got rid of, and traffics are steadily improving.

C. M.—We prefer "Ducans," but do not consider either of the two good to deal with.

CINTRA.—The cost of the harbour works was to be paid for by Government Bonds, and the sinking fund of these under the Rothschild agreement is suspended till 1901. We do not see, therefore, how you are to be paid off at present. Write to the Secretary of the London and River Plate Bank, 7, Princes Street, E.C., and you will get full particulars of exactly how the redemption of the bonds you hold stands.

ASCOT RACES.

The station of the London and South-Western Railway at Ascot is within four hundred yards of the grand stand, the whole distance being by an asphalted path. The company announce that on the race-days special fast trains for Ascot will leave Waterloo from 9.30 a.m. until 12.45 p.m., returning from Ascot after the races. A cheap third-class train will leave Waterloo at 8.35 a.m. on the four race-days, calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, returning from Ascot at 7 p.m. The same fares will be charged on all the four race-days.

Passengers who intend to travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor, and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park, will find on each of the race-days special fast trains for Windsor from Paddington at convenient times, returning in the evening, and that well-appointed four-horse brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back. Daily excursions are run to Windsor and back. Third-class fare, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained the day before, and each day of the races, at the usual offices.